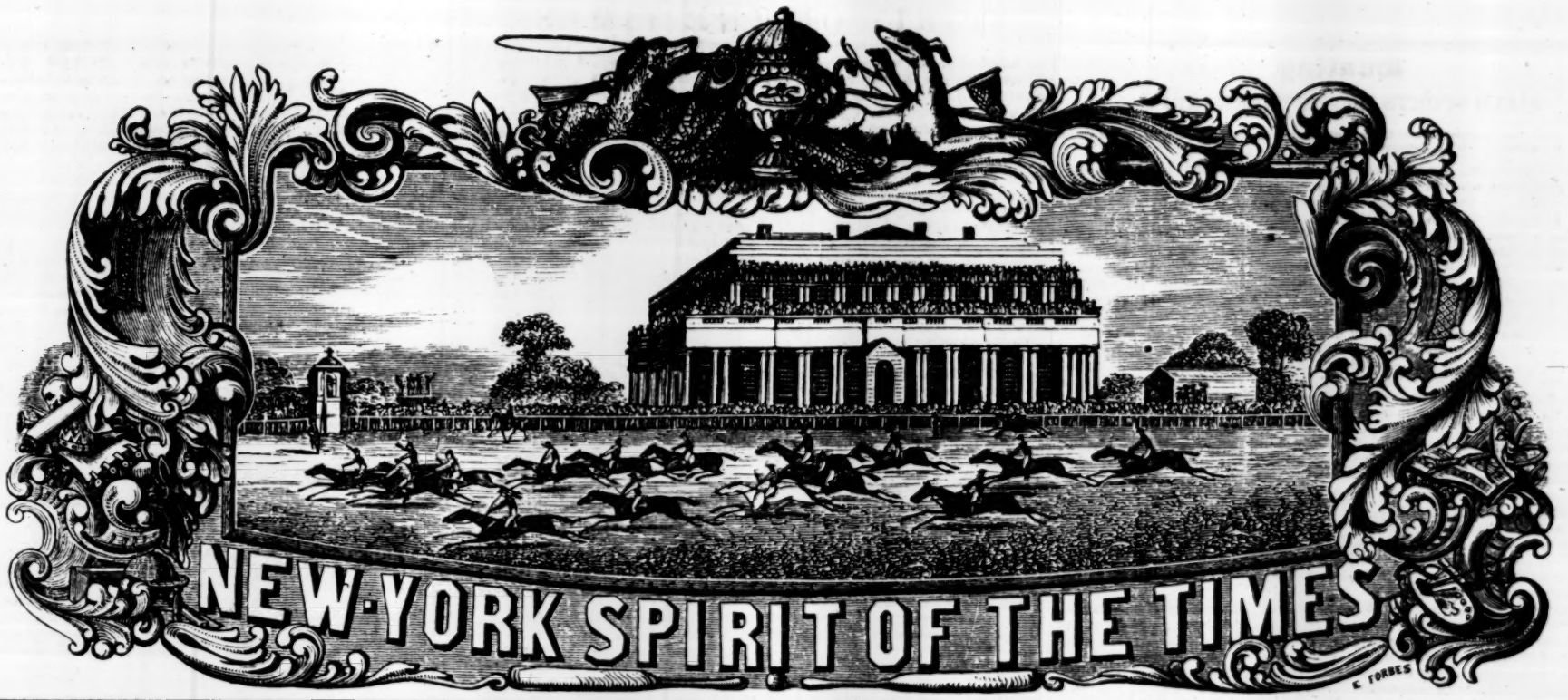

OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 5.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mingo.—The friends of this noble animal assert that in our list of Winning Horses, for 1835, we omitted some of his victories. Will they be good enough to furnish the facts, that in a revised table now preparing, we may do him ample justice. In the Sweepstakes he won at Trenton, on the 23d Sept. last, beating a very fine field, we gave $1000 as the amount of the stakes in our table; $2,750 was the sum. From having dissented from an opinion expressed by a writer in the Turf Register last year, that Mingo was "the best horse at the North," we have very unjustly been considered as opposed to him, or rather, disposed to underrate him as a thorough bred horse of known racing capabilities. His friends are "all abroad" in that supposition; no interest, partiality, nor "levell'd malice infects one comma of the course we hold."

W's Impromptu, from Camden, S. C., would annihilate the ill-starred wretch, who abuses our turf friends in the Charleston Observer, were we to publish it entire; therefore we merely "lodge a bullet in his thorax" by inserting the conclusion, merely premising that by the word "*there*" in the first line, our correspondent refers to *that* place where some people say the more a man's roasted, the more he is'nt done:—

"When the sports *there* begin, and the purse is hung up,
Or the race, should it be for a rich golden cup,
Through the gates of St. Peter would G'ld'r'sl'y break,
And be first at the post to run for the stake." W.

A Maryland Turfman has pointed out the following *errata* in our *Two Mile Table*, for which we are sensibly obliged:—The name of *Ohio* was omitted among the horses beaten by *Lady Archiana*, (Oct. 27th) on the Kendall Course; Ohio was taken by the [*green*] "knowing ones" against the field. *Columbia Taylor* won (Nov. 10th,) at Trenton, in three heats; two only were reported. *Irby*, instead of winning in three heats at Easton, Md., (Sept. 30th) won in two. We shall esteem it a favor, if gentlemen who may discover any error of omission or commission in our Tables, will apprise us of the fact.

Miss Mary Paton, (Mrs. Wood) was born in Edinburgh, in Oct. 1802, and gave six concerts there in one season, when only eight years of age. She made her *debut* as *Susannah*, (Marriage of Figaro) at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Aug. 3, 1822.

A Baltimore friend's suggestions in relation to an index to our New Series, he will find noticed in another column. The "Maryland matter" he so kindly proffered will be cordially welcome.

We have before remarked of Mr. Bathgate's advertisement of *Barefoot*, that we are not responsible for its statements, nor do we feel at liberty to alter it in any way. Barefoot is *not* the only winner of the St. Leger in America, by some half a dozen, as we have expressly stated before.

Miss Clara Fisher, (Mrs. Meader) was born 14th July, 1811, and made her *debut* at Drury Lane, when only six years and a half old, in a Masque written by her father (Geo. Frederick Fisher) in which was introduced the last act of Richard III.

The advertisement of the Spring Races over Davison's Course was not received last week until our paper had gone to press.

Will any of our Southern Sporting Correspondents inform us from what time their horses date their age? If from the 1st of May, as we have understood, they have a sensible advantage over us at the North, as their races come off in January, February and March, and ours without an exception, after May. With them a horse lacking but a few weeks of five years old, would carry weight for a four year old, while at our Spring Meetings each horse carries the appropriate weight for his age, dating from the 1st of May.

Miscellanies.

Mr. A. !—A paragraph lately appeared in a morning journal to this effect:

"Mr. A——, one of our most wealthy and respectable merchants, and a great theatre-goer, last evening grossly insulted a lady at the Park Theatre; and, we are informed, has been known to commit the same brutal offence to several other ladies on previous occasions. He will perceive by his initial that he is *perfectly known*. Unless he had disappeared, he would yesterday have received the personal chastisement he so richly merits. The necessary orders have been left at the theatre doors, and, if he presume once to show his face there during the next twelve months, he will be most unceremoniously ejected, turned over to the care of a marshal, and his name *published !*"

Nothing excites greater sensation than a paragraph of this kind—a mystery of such interest starting up in the midst of us, yet enveloped in a disguise apparently so thin and penetrable. Insult to a *female !* the meanest and most unpardonable of misdemeanours! The matter was discussed at every dinner-table. The boarding-houses were particularly agitated. These agreeable abodes, (for if they were not, on the whole, convenient and agreeable, they would not exist,) collect a circle of minds which gleans news from various opposite sources. Each had his remark to make, each his hypothesis to suggest, each a hint of and a hit at Mr. A——. The conterie at Mrs. M.'s dissected him *nem. con.* He lasted the three courses at Mrs. W.'s, our good friends at Mrs. S.'s gave him as little quarter as possible, (bachelors are all chivalrick,) Mrs. N.'s table annihilated the poor criminal before they were half through the nuts and raisins, and Mrs. B.'s, from one end of her interminable dining-room to the other, excommunicated him as a heretick, beyond the pale of civilized society, and consigned his memory to the shades below—over wine and jelly. If Erostratus, the ambitious young gentleman, who fired "chaste Dian's temple," had, instead thereof, waited a while, taken passage for New York, and "grossly insulted" one of our lovely country-women, his infamy would have been, to what it is, Olympus to a molehill. For ourself, we should rather have been in anybody's shoes (or boots!) than Mr. A——'s. The prompt indignation expressed by the morning journal, received universal praise. The ladies vowed Mr. A—— was a wretch, and the gentlemen, a scoundrel. The latter breathed of horsewhips, cowhides, cat-o'-nine-tails, and other instruments of warfare, the former came out at once with racks and guillotines. Ladies, at least the ladies of New York, (for we are not *au fait* to the goings on of the female population among the Rocky Mountains,) are not *often* in the habit of *Lynching*, but, if Mr. A—— had fallen in with a few dozen of our properly enraged and sympathetick fair, ten to one but he would have swung for it! We do not advocate Lynching, in the main, but the case of Mr. A—— is another affair.

The mysterious paragraph was productive of other consequences. The community at large were impatient to ascertain who this Mr. A—— was. The gentlemen had no sooner finished with him at dinner, than the ladies took aim up over their tea-cups. Some eighty thousand inquisitive female minds were directed at once against the incognito of Mr. A——. "*A* wealthy and respectable merchant!" a "theatre-goer!!" Every Mr. A—— in the city was hauled over the coals.

"It must be Mr. Alsop!" said Miss Fanny.
"Oh, impossible! besides he's a lawyer," cried Julia.
"Mr. Alford," said Caroline.
"What! *our* excellent friend! Kate, for shame!"
"But, ma., it says a wealthy and respectable merchant!"
"Mr. Onson!"
"Oh, heavens, no! his name, too, begins with O."
"Mr. Atwell!"
"Mr. Anson!"
"Mr Atkins!"
"Can it be possible? I think I can tell," said Fanny, "Mr. *Allwood!!*"
"Yes Oh yes," cried all.
"As sure as you are alive it is Allwood."
"Good gracious! he *must* be the man."
"A——," said Fanny; "that's *Allford*."
"Wealthy!"
"Old Allford is as rich as Crœsus."
"Respectable!"
"Allford it *must* be! He is one of the most respectable men in the whole country."
"True. He is respectability itself. He *must* be the man!"
"Who would have thought it?"
"Who *could* have believed it?"
"Oh," as Shakspeare says, "it is not a year or two that shows us a man."
"No, indeed, it is not."
"But old Allford! Why, the old villain!"
"I shall take good care how *I* trust myself with him again!" said Aunt Tabby, a maiden lady of eight-and-forty, with an indignant toss of her head.

In the meantime the wealthy and respectable merchants of New York, whose names commenced with A., began to feel uneasy. "Mr. A——, a wealthy and respectable merchant," was in every mouth and in all the newspapers. It happened that the Mr. A.'s were particularly numerous, and embraced, in fact, some of the most "wealthy and respectable" New York merchants. They were all squinted at and quizzed, and talked about, and brought on the *tapis* to have their respectability examined, their fortunes inquired into, and their characters discussed. The Abbeys, the Abbots and the Abeels were in a rage. The Abrahams and the Abingtons talked of instituting a suit. The Ackermans and the Adriances grew nervous. The Alexanders, the Allairs, the Anthoneys, the Andersons—it was a perfect disgrace to be a wealthy and respectable merchant whose name commenced with A. Fanny cut old Mr. Allford in the street. Ackerman was left uninvited at Mrs. Wiggins's party. A match between young Anderson and Miss Delia was broken off, and upon some one's remarking Miss Kitty Kaddington's exceedingly uncivil treatment of a very gentlemanly person one day at dinner, it was satisfactorily explained by the discovery that he was an eminent merchant named Aaron. Ten thousand correspondents of wealth and respectability have sent us communications on the subject, assuring us that they are not the Mr. A—— alluded to in the morning journal, so that our boy Peter had to bring the letters from the post-office in a huge basket. In the name of our ten thousand agitated friends, their wives, children and relations generally, (amounting, probably, to a hundred and thirty thousand and more,) we protest against sacrificing the reputations and feelings of so many good people, wholly incapable of insulting any one, far less a lady, to the unmerited disguse of this wealthy and respectable, but wicked Mr. A——. It is not agreeable to have oneself brought forward even on suspicion of such a crime; to have the charge laid upon one's shoulders, over a plate of buckwheat cakes, by some cool fellow whose name begins with M. or Q. The real Mr. A—— does not merit such tenderness at the cost of others. We call upon the morning journal to unveil—disclose—explain—unmask. No mercy to a fellow base enough to insult a lady. Let us have him out! Set him before us! Let us look at his "respectability." So that our fair readers may do justice to their unfortunate acquaintances, and the Mr. A.'s, in the town of Manhatta, sleep in peace! [Mirror of To-day.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Bring—bring the wine!——Hurrah!
Brother mine!
In the nectar we will steep
Care and sorrow fathom deep;
Let us quaff while dullards sleep,
Brother mine!
Bring—bring me wine!——Hurrah!

Pour—pour out the wine!——Hurrah!
Brother mine!
Brother, mark its ruby glow,
Letteth *us wise* mortals know,
"*Care* hath *still one* mighty foe,"
Brother mine!
Pour—pour out the wine!——Hurrah!

Drink—drink the wine!——Hurrah!
Brother mine!
Brother, drink! and thank the fates
For the good the vine creates;
And when every luxury sates,
Brother mine!
Drink—drink the wine——Hurrah!

Sing—sing the wine——Hurrah!
Brother mine!
Sing the rosy deity,
Brother, wheresoe'er we be,
On the earth, or on the sea,
Brother mine!
Sing—sing the wine!——Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!—sing we the wine!

A Mahratta Anecdote.—Sevajee was one day passing through a mountain jungle, when a leopard appeared, making its way stealthily through the bushes, as if threatening hostility. The cooley (a porter) was descending the hill at this moment, and seeing the leopard, volunteered to attack it, with a weapon as singular as it was formidable. Opening a small leathern wallet, he took from it an iron instrument, which fitted the hand, covering the fingers like a gauntlet. Beyond the tips of the fingers, it extended to the length of at least three inches, curving like claws, tapering to a point as sharp as the tip of a dagger—being brought to an edge under the curve, nearly as keen as that of a razor. The man fixed it on his hand, and entered the jungle. The leopard seemed uneasy at his approach, waved its tail, rested its head upon the earth, yet made no attempt to spring. The cooley did not give his enemy time to commence an attack, but advancing boldly, struck it on the right eye, and drawing the instrument across its head, blinded it in a moment. The wounded beast started up, and yelled in agony; when the man deliberately plunged the weapon under its belly, opened a prodigious gash, and the animal's entrails protruded through the wound. It rushed forward, and came with such stunning contact against a tree, that it instantly fell, turned upon its back, and not being able to see its aggressor, another stroke from the instrument despatched it. The victor returned to Sevajee without a scratch. This won the Mahratta's admiration; the cooley was immediately enrolled in Sevajee's army, and from henceforth became a distinguished man. [The Romance of History.]

What would be an excellent joke, if it had not turned out seriously, recently occurred at Paris. One of the National Guard, a gentleman married about 12 weeks, was called to his routine of duty, on guard. He was ordered out on one of the piquets, had forgotten his great coat, went round to his house for it, could not get in at the door, called to his wife to throw it to him out of the window, received it from her fair hands, put it on, walked away with his companions, returned to the guard house when the piquet was over, was hailed with a shout of laughter, looked at the coat and found on its breast the red ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honor, ran home, succeeded in entering his house, struck his unfaithful wife dead with one blow of his sword, was apprehended, and, as the peculiar provocation was great, will not be punished. It is said that the gallant was the Duke of Orleans. This, however, can be no more than suspicion, as he remains undiscovered. Dr Mackenzie in the Eve. Star.

London Post-office.—The ordinary business of each day is, in letters, in the Inland Office alone, 35,000 letters received, and 40,000 sent (23,475,000 annually), exclusive of the numbers in the Foreign Office Department and the Ship Letter Office, and altogether independent of the Twopenny Post. The number of newspapers daily vary from 25,000 to 60,000 (on Sunday 40,000, and on Monday 50,000), of which number about 20,000 are put into the office ten minutes before six o'clock. After that hour each newspaper is charged one half-penny, which yields a revenue of upwards of £500 a year, and of which 240,000 are annually put into the office from six to a quarter before eight o'clock. The revenue derived from charges for early delivery in London is £4000, and the sum obtained by the charge of 1d. on each letter given to the postmen who go round, with bells to collect the letters, is £3000 a year, giving 720,000, or nearly 2,000 daily. The revenue of London is *L*6,000 a week, above *L*300,000 a year; and yet, of all this vast annual revenue, there has only been lost by defaulters *L*200 in 25 years. The franks amount in a morning to 4,000 or 5,000, or more. Newspapers can only be franked for foreign parts to the first port at which the mail arrives; after this they are charged postage according to their weight, in consequence of which, an English daily newspaper costs in St. Petersburgh *L*40 sterling per annum.

Street Chronology in New-York.—*March*, 1836.—City six inches under water.—Rope-ladders sold at auction for crossing the streets.—Eight small children drowned in front of St. Paul's church; the poor little victims fell out of a sleigh. Large pig cut his throat by attempting to swim from Wall-street to Maiden-lane. A fat gentleman fell opposite Grace church and slid down the ice to the Battery, where, the gate being unfortunately open, the struggling sufferer glided through and would have been drowned on the outer pavement, had not his powerful impulse floated him over, so that he fell into the bay and saved himself on the ice.—The street inspector was observed standing by a pile of ice and snow in Beekman-street, seventeen feet nine inches high, with two small men, each armed with a pick-axe. A gentleman remarked that it reminded him of the Englishman who once subscribed five pounds towards paying off the national debt of Great Britain. A pupil of Sam Patch jumped off Trinity Church steeple and came up unharmed. A pleasure yatch, sailing up Rector-street, was carried down and out to sea by the current.—Mr. Smith, the india-rubber over-shoe merchant, retired from business with a fortune of seven millions sterling and introduced gondolas.—Street-inspector *lynched*.—Corporation resigned and retired to the Sandwich Islands.—The large bridge across Chatham-square commenced.—Swimming taught in the colleges instead of Greek.—Whale caught on the platform in front of the City-hall. Sea-serpent thrust his head into Walter Bowne's bedroom.—Child born web-footed.—Governor Duck elected on account of his appropriate name. Mr. Astor resigned his hotel and invested his capital in boat-building.—Five beds of oysters discovered in the lower corridor of the City-hall.—Lobster swam into the garret window of a house in the swamp.—General rise of the water.—The new street-inspector escaped from an enraged mob, and fled to the Himmalya Mountains, in Asia.—Governor Duck drowned.—Citizens in consternation, retire in ships and boats to Weehawk heights.—Second sudden rise of the waters. Judge Swanton escaped in a fishing-smack out of the City-hall cupola window. Shark swallowed the spire of Trinity church steeple.—City of New-York visited by a committee in a diving-bell!!! [Mirror.

Paupers.—Rosa Ryan was permitted to go to the Alms House for a short time, on account of her *delicate situation*, and because shealleged that her husband had abandoned her, and gone to a distant state. Certainly a female, in her present condition, had need of kind attentions, and the bounty of the country.—After she had been a few weeks among the *femmes enceintes*, and had become a happy mother, she received a letter from her husband, not fifteen miles off, which ran as follows:—

"Dear Rosa, the day I saw you last, I met the contractor of the Rail Road and engaged as boss at nine shillings a day for the season. I have to receive thirty dollars this day. If you want any little comforts let Mike Moran know and he will send them to you. When you are well enough to come out, let me know and I will have a place ready. Your loving husband,
Richard Ryan."

Dick Ryan and his wife had agreed to save expense—that she should spend a month or two in the Alms House, at this juncture, and all her representations of her husband's desertion, and her own poverty, were false. When the true state of the case was discovered, and Ryan was compelled to pay a moderate price for the board and nursing of his wife in the poor house, he thought it hard, especially as the State had made express provision for foreigners. [Boston Transcript.

Remarkable Trout.—*Sir*—Old Izaak Walton's pastime having succeeded to most other field sports, it may not be unseasonable now to give the following instance of the size to which trout may attain, and which may be interesting at once to the naturalist and sportsman. Lake trout are known to reach an enormous size, and those in our Welsh rivers to grow above a pound yearly; but I had listened rather incredulously, to an account of one of fourteen pounds, caught some time ago in the Thames, until I lately became acquainted with this fact. A well-known artist and worthy brother of the angle, who has a lovely villa at Claverton, near Bath, several years ago placed two small trout (one of each sex) in a separate part of a stream running through his grounds: after attaining to three pounds weight, the female grew about two pounds and a quarter yearly.—At the end of nine years, she had reached the great weight of fourteen pounds and three quarters, then giving hopes of exceeding twenty pounds at least; but alas! "all that's bright must fade!" the midnight attempts of some biped shark to poach this jewel of fine water injured her so much that she was killed (as Paddy would say) to save her life. Both male and female at this period were above thirty-six inches in length; but although faring equally sumptuously upon gudgeons, the poor gentleman only arrived at seven pounds weight. These trout were very tame, coming to be fed morning and evening; were frequently taken out to be weighed; would seize a rat thrown into the water; and the female well deserved O'Connell's description of Cobbett—*she* was certainly altogether "a splendid animal." The above fact, well known at Bath, is perhaps, after all, more curious than useful, as I much doubt any trout being as good after two pounds weight as before, however much it is true that the genuine and disinterested sportsman may like a grander conquest. Yours, &c. Philo-Leash.
[Old London Sporting Magazine.

Conscience Smitten.—A person being dangerously sick, was visited by a clergyman, who, perceiving the poor fellow give way to despondency, kindly inquired if any heinous sin lay heavily on his heart. The sick man replied with a sigh, that he had been guilty of a grievous sin, but its magnitude was so great he was almost afraid to name it. The clergyman asked him if he had been an unkind husband? No. A tyrannical father? No. A treacherous friend? No. but I have done much worse than either. Have you violated any of the commandments? No, I believe not: but, alas! blubbered out the despairing invalid, "I have taken a newspaper two years and neglected to pay for it."

The editor of a New Orleans paper gives the following excuse for certain typographical errors which had crept into his paper on the following day:—"Our nerves suffered a severe shock yesterday, in discovering that one of the 'devils' had emptied a bumper of champaigne in lieu of the drop of 'John Bull' we had provided, into our soup maigre.

The Duke of Wellington paid a visit to Sir Robert Peel in the early part of the week, and knocked down a few of his pheasants, by way of bringing his hand in previous to the expected *battue* in the House of Lords.

The noted grey horse, the property of Mr. John Fenton, of Great Whelnetham Hall, Suffolk, died on Tuesday, having numbered thirty winters. This celebrated horse, in 1818, trotted a mile on the Sunbury turnpike road in two minutes and fifty-four seconds with ease. He was matched to do it in three.

We understand two separations are spoken of—one in high life, and the other more in the provincial circles. The first, an Earl and Countess, residing in Mayfair; the other, a very wealthy Baronet, known in the sporting world.

The late Dey, Hussein Pacha, had affection enough for his daughter to wish her to marry a husband of her own choice. He took her to a window, under which he had brought together some of the best looking men in Algiers, and he bade her make her selection. She chose a handsome youth, whose vocation was that of a wrestler.

The Earl of Scarborough has returned to his seat at Brandon, Suffolk, from Sandbeck Park, Yorkshire. The Earl of Portarlington and a party have been pheasant shooting on the Noble Earl's preserves.

Hunting.

FIELD SPORTS OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

"I here send you a bouquet of wild flowers, of which no portion is my own, save the string that binds it together."—DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

You shall guess until you are *in extremis*, puzzle your brains (if you have any) till the day of doom, and never arrive within leagues of conjecture as to the implement wherewith, on this fourth day of January instant, I stirred my morning's coffee. You give it up? you save yourself a world of trouble! Know then, that within half a dozen hours from this present writing, did I, at the breakfast-table of an hotel in Covent Garden, circumvolvulate my mocha *with the brush of a jackal!* none of your Cockney *feræ* from the Regent's Park or Surry Zoologicals, but a genuine jungle-bred out-and-outer, whose amiable existence had been rendered up to a staunch pack, having first shewn them a forty-five minutes best pace without a check. At the table my *tête-atête* was the Master of this gallant cry, whose music has reached us even from Mofussil. After a Bengalee apprenticeship of twelve years, he had but a few days before reached England on the usual invalid leave; the climate had wrought its ordinary effect upon him; as the phrase goes, he appeared a good deal *broken*, but how, after all his "moving accidents by flood and field," a morsel of him remained together, was my marvel.—Imagine us thus seated—I with the bustle of a Jackal for a spoon, and my dry-toast supported against the grim pate of a gigantic Himalya fox, collecting wrinkles by the bushel, and confess that I was being fairly entered as a sketcher of Oriental Sporting, and earning a diploma for attaching to my patronymic A. M. in Indian sylvan exercise. But for the *chasse cafe*, could I have accomplished that breakfast without swooning? Oh, reader mine! one thing is it to view the lions of Regent Street or Piccadilly, you the *gazer*—another to encounter those of Saugur or Katteewar, you the *gazee!* Correct and *comme il faut* is a *tiger* booted, leathered, and cockaded, three feet nothing, at the stern of your cab in Hyde Park; but only conceive, in a pathless Indian forest, such an embellishment at your *own stern*, "measuring sixteen feet from the tail to the snout, and no two spots on his body alike!"

A late writer upon our national characteristics has observed, that wherever Englishmen locate themselves, forthwith *there* will horse-racing be found: he might have extended his catalogue, and embraced all denominations of Field Sports, and brought forward as convincing examples our Indian Colonies. In the Eastern Presidencies, under the most overwhelming disadvantages, where the climate presents almost an insuperable barrier, and the expense attending the support of hounds is tremendous, hunting is pursued positively with frenzy; this we shall see as we go on. My friend, who has supported a pack of fox-hounds for several years in India at his own sole expense, being an enthusiast in everything appertaining to the kennel, tried latterly the experiment of breeding his own hounds—that is to say, he crossed the thorough-bred (the imported English) with the half-bred (the Native or Indian-born), and with some success; but how few are likely to approach the task with his perseverance, talent, and experience!—The importation of hounds is a monopoly, and the regulation price for such as are *shipped* for Calcutta sixty pounds per couple; so that, taking into account the casualties of a five months' voyage, the first cost of a pack of sixteen couple *landed in India* is by no means to be sneezed at: also, be it had in memory, that they are a very perishable commodity, rarely lasting beyond the second seasons and to accomplish *that* they require as much attendance and care as the most etherial Italian greyhound. I wish this ensured success; but I very much fear there exists a practice confirmatory of want of *scenting* faculties on one hand, or *scented* on the other; for there is no denying, that, when a real clipper is intended, a custom predominates, in the first place, *to bag the* jackal, and ere he be turned down, *to stink him*—

"*To* gild refined gold; to paint the rose;
To breathe fresh perfume on the violet."

Still, does not this speak volumes for the venatorial *cacoethes* at the Equator?—What think ye of men, with the marrow bubbling in their bones, turning up their noses unless the pace be stimulated by artificial stink!

England supplies the machinery, but therefore should she be vain-glorious?—Meltonians, Lambtonians, Nimrods from the Land's End to Johnny Groat's, behold the raw material of the Tropics, and tremble—Elephant, Rhinoceros, Buffalo, Lion, Royal Tiger, Wild Boar, Cheeta, Lynx, Leopard; open your optics to them, ye hop-o'-my-thumb deer and fox chasers, and see how unassuming is real merit! How suppose ye they designate the combat with the grisly boar? plain pig-sticking! Slaying the wild bulls of Basan? *bagging a* Buffalo!

Eels, they say, are indifferent about being skinned: no doubt custom reconciles us to most things. In evidence of this, let me request any one of my readers to compare his sensations, when, as a boy, he has seen at Exeter 'Change a lion, panther,

Or any interesting beast of prey,

stirred up with a long pole, with the following cool extract from the journal of a Calcutta man of pink. "Drew a jungle hard by, and found a tiger, who, in cooking his victuals the over-night, must have swallowed the poker, which stuck in his throat and prevented him from turning his head, for he came at me slap as straight as an arrow," &c. &c. Now that is taking it easy, or the devil's in it! Surely it is no metaphor to call hunting in Bengal a type of war? Nor is it alone to the chase that the martial character of their Sports is confined. Tiger-shooting in the plains, and rifleing the Gooral among the cloud-capped Himalyas, is not exactly the same thing as picking off sparrows in Battersea fields. I cannot refrain from giving a slight specimen of each; the narrators seem born to chronicle these deaths as well as to enact them.

"Before proceeding to the detail of our sport since I came into these parts, I must just give an off-hand sketch of my present host, under whose auspices I have been entered to tiger. The man who could not read downright good fellow and out-and-outer written upon his hard-a-weather figure-head, had studied Lavater to little purpose. And here, *en passant*, I must be allowed an anecdote of him, which will best illustrate his peculiarities, shewing that if his bows are as bluff as those of an Indiaman, his nerves are about as soft as her anchor.

"A tiger once took post in his cultivation, and apparently resolved to make his lodgment good without leave asked or obtained—an uncivil line of conduct, which at once caused a rupture between them. Now tiger-shooting on foot, in the open, is an ugly job: and so it came to pass in this instance, for on the first shot the beast charged on them best pace, and carried back with him a Native lover of sights, who had not been sufficiently adroit in the use of his scrapers. Another attack was followed by a similar charge, and again the devil—I mean the tiger—caught the hindmost. M—— then mounted a small shooting pony, went in as cool as a salad, and shot him dead. The two Natives carried off in the action had each an almost miraculous escape, M——'s first shot having passed through the animal's mouth, *and knocked out his tusks:* one of them, notwithstanding, was a twelvemonth before he was cured of his wounds.

"To return, however, to my visit. On reaching my friend's factory, I found that as no time could be spared, he had already crossed the boundary, and I have seldom been indulged with a more unpleasant ride than I had in following him up. The country seemed as much a *terra incognita* to my Native guides as to myself, and we wandered a *circumbendibus* till half-past two o'clock of a night very dissimilar to a Calcutta suffocater—(upon which rest my malediction). A hearty welcome, however, and lots of hot stuff put all to rights on our arrival at the tents, and left us at liberty to turn in, everything standing like a trooper's horse, and snore away our fatigue till day-light. With the sun we rose, and, snatching a hasty feed, mounted our nags, and trotted *in medias res* to where the elephants awaited our coming in the heart of the forest. Three of the four who composed our party had never encountered the savage monster of the wilds, and were, of course, unusually anxious for success; but a long broiling day saw us return to our encampment in possession of nothing but a pig, and good humor under disappointment. Providence, however, took compassion on us; for, on dismounting, a crowd of Natives came with the jovial intelligence that a man-eater had just pulled a man down within a mile of us. This was gratifying, and so, with a bumper round for good luck, we once more set forth. Soon after forming line to beat a patch of tree-jungle, three shots in succession from our general in the centre gave the welcome intimation of a find. She (a fine tigress) had charged, was turned, and in the next instant broke covert close to my elephant; so close, indeed, that, though I am a most indifferent shot, it was impossible to miss, and, fortunately, the ball taking effect just behind her fore arm put a grand check to her gallop. *A tiger breaking covert with his tail on end like a cow's, is a fine exciting sight to one of the unitiated.*"

Is it indeed! I should like to see the effect it would have at Epping next Easter Monday.

"All sail was now crowded in chase except one, my unhappy brother Officer, whose brute of a craft, barely affording time for one shot, missed stays, and run counter through the jungle. The tigress, meanwhile, had gained a small ridge on her progress to another jungle, and might have escaped, but for the young and truly Sporting Member of the C. S., *who lifted his elephant over the ground* in the gallant style that he is wont to get along with a certain well-known pack of fox-hounds, levelled his rifle with unerring aim, and sealed her fate by breaking her back in two; she sank down grinning unutterable things, but a few miscellaneous shots terminated her existence, and left us at leisure to take notice of our friend's mishap, whose pale and battered countenance assured us, without his protestation, that a *dour* through a tall jungle, on a runaway *hathee*, and no *mahouts*, was a disagreeable contingency to sporting. The next day was blank, and consequently tedious: but the third we found a fine male. He turned out a sneaking beast, however, and continued, after being repeatedly hit, especially by M——'s rifle, to steal away, until a beautiful and crashing shot from the Civilian's rifle turned him, as we used to say at school, *bum super caput*, and he was quickly finished. The rest of the day was blank, and on the following we returned to cantonments, having, in the early part of it, shot some deer and small fry.

"In company with two brother Officers I left B——s on the 15th, who had to join his station, and commence our journey homeward. It was just after sunrise and near the village where we had seen the *cheeta* before, when I spied him going leisurely across country towards the hill. *Nujeeb* soon laid me alongside, and at the second dig I was obliged to leave my spear in him, which he broke. I then, got another from A., whose horse would not face him, and gave him, as I thought, the *coup de grace, having run him through with it* just behind the shoulders, *about a yard coming out on the opposite side*, and the spear left sticking in him. He was kicking with his legs in the air, as we thought dying, when B——s got off his horse to settle him, as he called it! He grasped the spear, and had just begun to pull it out, when crack went the shaft in his hand, and up jumped the animal with a roar, and rushed at B——s, who went away as if shot out of a steam gun. However, the brute was within a few inches of his rump when he stopped, frightened, I suppose, at our clattering up behind him. *I never saw anything that tickled my risible faculties more.*—(I wonder with what side of his mouth Mister B——s was laoghing). B——s swears he will never get off to settle a *cheeta* again, and I don't think he will. After this we had the devil's own work to finish him; in fact, he became more alive than ever, charging us whenever we approached. We had no more spears, and our guns were either at the old or new *mookam:* we got, however, a couple of matchlocks from the villagers, and after three unsuccessful attempts, and nearly dislocating my shoulder, I succeeded in hitting him vitally."

So far, shooting upon the plains is no sporting upon velvet, and, moreover, upsets the assertion that the effects of heat are enervating to the human constitution. The Torrid Zone produces the most ferocious of the animal kingdom, and, from the experience before us, seems to turn into molten fire blood generated in more temperate latitudes. If "variety be charming," the Sportsman in India is indeed favored beyond his fellows. This scene in the Himalya is very spirited.

"In my mountain ramble I was terribly interrupted by the constant and deep falls of snow. Thunder growled in every direction around me for several days, but scarcely one starting *bang*, so common there. For some time, water in every possible state of congelation was incessantly falling, and the snow from ancle to many feet deep at times. I could not but think how many would stare to see a solitary white face in such a situation by *choice*. My tent was hung round and adorned with magnificent icicles. To me there was a luxury of enjoyment in the scene, although its continuance began to try my patience, for my especial objects were 'the tehr,' which appeared now unapproachable. I had, however, reached these apparently inaccessible haunts with two of the best procurable guides, and I was determined to wait, in the hope of two or three sunny days, melting the snow, and rendering these perilous retreats more easy of approach, where one false step, one slip occurring, the Sportsman would be lost. There then, I stuck up to the 17th, the guides declaring the ground impassable! I at last insisted on attempting it.....such a terrific and miraculous escape as one of the guides had baffles description. We had descended slowly and silently a northern declivity, and among some cliffs in the distance a tehr was sighted. To this we had to explore our way: the guides, from their intimate local acquaintance, knew every practical direction: it was about an hour and a half's work, over places trying in the extreme to *hand, foot and head*, rendered worse by the sheeting of snow which lay in some places several feet deep, in others bearing our weight, and again in others breaking in up to the hip.

"I had the aid of a stiff seven feet pole with a spike at the end, without which I could not have advanced. There was a confidence in having something to grasp that rendered me steady. I felt I had something to lean upon, which enabled me to take light steps, and not wholly depend upon footing. One guide had passed on before me, crossing one of the numerous similar places which we had already passed, and many such lay still before us. There was in front a flat perpendicular rock about the height of my shoulder, at the foot of which was a flat projecting ledge of about seven or eight inches, and uncovered by snow: below this was a very sharp sloping shelf of *sod*, highly sheeted with snow, about nine feet broad, and then the brink of a yawning cliff.

"For myself, I preferred the eight inch rock projection, which, from the aid of my pole I had succeeded in crossing, when I heard a sudden slide, and, on looking round, the second guide was just gliding over the cliff. You may imagine the instant, awful, silent pause! There appeared nothing to save him; no friendly twig—not a bunch of grass. Suddenly he made a desperate effort almost in mid-air on a little projection, which a man might circle with his arms, and upon which a tehr had recently been lying, as we saw from his droppings. The man's knees were bent forward, his hips back; his body actually appeared thrown over the cliff; but it was all momentary, and his sudden check from the slide turned him half round. He made a half squat; suddenly stood erect, as it were, in air, put his left hand over his eyes, and there he remained *standing* like a statue for two minutes, when he carefully turned round, again cautiously placed his foot on the place from which he had slidden, and in six or eight steps was at my side.—Nothing but his mountain presence of mind saved his life. After all this labour and risk, I had merely the satisfaction of getting a glimpse of two old bucks and a young one, with their long shaggy hair dangling on their sides, but no shot. I was dead beaten by the state of the ground; and after all my toil, although I killed four of them, I only got one *nanny*, for goats they are to all intents and purposes. Certainly, it is the most manly of all manly sports for a youngster who never thinks much about the danger or risk of life. For a man who likes to shew what he dare and can do, I know of none to be compared to it; but for one having more lives than his own to care about, I should say it is too daring a venture. In the way in which S. and I sought them last year, without knowing the animal when we saw him, and without an experienced guide, we were just as likely to find a diamond. Notwithstanding considerable loss of time in sticking after the tehr, I got four magnificent jerrows, five kakurs, one tehr, one gooral, one musk deer, one koorotial, three flying squirrels, two solitary snipes, and a woodcock. I only used shot when moving from place to place. Peasants of every kind I might have had, but did not fire at them. The double rifle is deadly. The mountain climate and severe exercise work wonders in a man's constitution, far beyond all the apothecary's nostrums on earth. Among the crags, I found regular masses of pumice-stone, seeming to indicate at some period or other volcanic eruptions. Further to the Eastward, also, there are regular glaciers, which Elliot in his published Northern Tour denies. It is an interesting well-written book, but in that assertion he is wrong—there certainly are glaciers in the Himalya mountains."

Riding to hounds in India, where the depth of the ditches for the most part fluctuates between eighteen feet and a couple of score, must be pretty pastime for nerves relaxed by daily sudorifics! Yet men do the trick there, upon the authority of my friend from Mofussil, as though their nervous system were as *taut* as fiddle-strings, in lieu of being as flabby as stew'd tripe. He was kind enough to furnish me with a few illustrations of their mode of crossing a country, for which I am much obliged, but cannot, as I regret, venture upon the responsibility of repeating. This smacks of discourtesy; and as my friend is not a Clergyman, in order to avoid the consequences of blunderbusses in a saw-pit, I beg leave to quote an authority.

The late Admiral Sir H. Blackwood (I believe) happened once, after dinner in London, to relate an anecdote of a leopard which used nightly to leap the wall of a farm-yard at Barconrah, and as regularly carry back a sheep with him. Some of his hearers appearing sceptical, the gallant Admiral applied to an old Indian Officer at table (who knew the fact, from being on the spot at the time) for corroboration. Imagine his surprise, on receiving for answer, "My dear Sir, I have really no recollection whatever of the circumstance." Some few days after, Sir H., meeting his friend accidentally, demanded of him how he possibly could have forgotten the occurrence? "Admiral," replied the cautious Indian, "I had a perfect recollection of it, but I make it a rule in England never to authenticate any story having for its hero a lion, tiger, or leopard, or in any form connected with hunting in India—*no one ever believes you.*"

Well then, I must hold my peace about the bruising blades of Bengal, (though there *is* one case of a rasper, five feet six of a mud wall, and sixteen feet of a squire trap on the off-side, that I itch to lay before you), and give some sketches in other branches of Oriental Sporting. I really have such abundance of excellent matter, that, like the cat in the tripe shop, to speak poetically, I don't know where to begin. Let me see? Ah! yes, angling *is* the fashion just now. There is Sir Humphrey Davy, who perhaps might have stumbled upon the Philosopher's stone, only he must write about salmon; Captain Medwin chronicling "the gentle art;" and John Wilson making with his glowing glorious enthusiasm the tiniest trout stream of the blue Highlands rich and radiant as golden Pactolus! In days of ignominious ignorance I have taken pleasure in bobbing for eels, punting for dace and barbel: now I have tasted the tree of knowledge, nothing meaner than trolling for dolphin will again engage me, since I have had this picture of

FISHING AT THE FOOT OF THE HIMALYA.

Science (and fly-fishing is truly a scientific amusement) is completely set at defiance and rendered comparatively futile in many parts of the Gangos; for instance, at the junction of the Soany. Fancy a noble river like the Ganges, fed by the everlasting snows of the Himalya, and the countless streams that add their silvery tribute from every glen and ravine along its course! Picture this impetuous torrent, after being fretted into foam amongst the rocky chasms of its native mountains, leaping joyously into liberty and light, and roaring triumphantly as its bursts from its long confinement, and flings its glittering spray through the romantic gorge of Tapabund, hurrying forward tumultuously to the open sea! Fancy a twenty-eight pound *mahaseer* at the end of your line, where the Soany (itself also a river) mingles its waters with the heaving billows of the Ganges! The fish makes directly across to a rapid, where the best boat that ever danced upon the tide would be shattered into a thousand splinters in a moment. There is a sweeping bay to the right, which totally prevents your moving from the spot. The mahaseer is a gallant fish, and an active one in prime season. Rebellious at the trick you have played him, and determined to go headlong down that foaming rapid, he springs away, making the water fly from your reel like smoke; and now he has caught the additional impetus of the roaring stream as it hurries to the fall. Place your finger on the line. What! it cuts you, does it? I defy you now to *feel* the fish as a skilful rider does the mouth of his horse. The fish *will* go, and you *must* let him; he has only been two minutes hooked, your line is all out (a hundred and sixty yards), and you are up to your chin in the water. And now "hold hard!" science is vain; all you can do is to "give him the butt" and trust to the strength of your treble-gut bottom and the elasticity of your rod and line.

The spirit, indeed enthusiasm, with which our countrymen in the East enter upon all kinds of Field Sports entends of course to the Turf. Racing, in a country where Persian and Arab blood abounds, would seem indigenous to the soil, and in India the Native Princes contribute liberally to its support: in fact, there appears no want of the needful to promote and uphold any sporting undertaking Some of the rules established at the different courses, on a first perusal, see strange enough; for instance, in the Plates, we find Arabs allowed 7lb., and in consequence of the want of size which prevades all classes of Native horses, weight for inches is a constant article; that is, 7lb. allowed for the inch. Still, for the most part, all is done ship-shape; and one little rule suited my fancy most entirely—"a horse can only walk over the course *once* for public money;" that strikes me as a wrinkle. The time in which each race is done is always given, and, if accurately kept, it is a very useful practice. I have looked over a good many of the performances, and certainly with us they would be thought small-beer of; but comparisons are odious. Poetry is the language of the East, and in an affair so soul-stirring as the rivalry of their winged steeds, it is not to be supposed they use the mere instrument of prose to celebrate their contests. There is something so Ossianic in the introduction of the HAWULBAGH MEETING of 1834, that I cannot withhold it:—

Hark! to the neighing of the Tartar steeds,
Waking the echoes of a thousand hills;
As, bounding on, they seek the flowery meads,
Which fair Cosillah's stream with verdure fills.
The God of Day springs startled from his rest,
But stays his coursers in their bright career,
To gaze upon the Vale, where, hotly press'd,
Impetuous dashes on the mountaineer—
His wild main streaming like a banner, see
He gains the goal—'tis his, the victory!

"At length drew near the long expected day when the trial of speed was to take place between the Desert-bred horse of Arabia and the snow-suckled mare of Thibet. The Bhoteans, perched on their Himalyan peaks, looked down with wonder through their cloud-penetrating telescopes, alternately surveying with doubt the apparent swiftness of the Arabs, and the very evident bottom of their own Tartars."—The place appointed for this momentous event was the Valley of the Cosillah, the most beautiful of the many glens of Kumaon; would that I might here describe it! But I may not, neither will I stay to enumerate the carriages of various and picturesque design which at the dawn of day were seen to issue from the mountain clefts, bounding down the precipices, and up the rocky ascents with a facility truly magical. All the beauty of Kumaon graced the scene: the half of Bhot were assembled to do honor to the revels. Would that I might pause with this climax! but, wo is me! as a faithful historian I am compelled to add, that the name of the fery-footed son of the Desert was "Potatoes," and that the snow-suckled pride of the Tartars rejoiced in the enphonic appellation of "Pills;" and moreover that the inspired writer, beginning with a lyre whose golden melody would have done honor to the sacred games of Elis or Olympia, furnishes upon a bagpipe, whose drone thus perpetrates a variation that might ravish Donnybrook Fair. "This race excited the greatest interest, as being the grand test of the superiority of the Arab or Tartar blood. *Potatoes, however, was generally preferred to Pills, there being many Irish Gentlemen present, the sick certificate men backing Pills for choice!*

Nothing can be more manifest than the vast superiority, under whatever circumstances they meet, of the English blood-horse over the untravelled members of his family. He is a monstrous deal a more imposing quadruped. He has acquired an air and carriage in his foreign tour; and as for speed, a third-rate Plate horse from the Provinces shall defeat your Turk or Arab with a pedigree unimpeachable from the Ark: but this is out of my line, so I'll get back upon the scent where I threw up.

Christopher North, will you have the urbanity to inform me whether of your knowledge your crony Tom Cringle has a brother resident just now in Bengal, or some male of genealogical affinity—a first cousin, for instance by the father's side—with the mercurial blood of the Cringles flowing in his veins, and Tom's hydrographic talent perched upon the feather of his quill? or may be Tom himself has taken to his old element again, crossed the Line, given you the artful dodge, Kit—I'll pound it, Bushy Park to a mignionette pot! Who but Cringle, your own proper Tom, could have spun the yarn I have just heard? North, I love thee, for that thou art of mine own especial kidney: therefore shalt thou not burst in ignorance, but taste even the flavor of the Log in

A TALE OF THE BALASORE ROADS.

Caroamico, hast thou ever suffered from fever and ague? No! Try it then by all means, for you will scarce ever find a closer friend. I can't exactly say for which of my sins this visiter was forced upon me; but I evidently made myself extremely agreeable to him, for, for the space of ten months, he would take no hints, however broad, and leave me. Orestes and his friend were but bowing acquaintance compared with us: if I changed my residence a dozen times, he was as sure to follow me as a *dun* from Gibson—*fanum habit*—Gibson's dished—who'l patronise the "ignorant impatient" after this jog? Mistaking me for an oak, he clung to me like ivy, or like a Scotch (Kit, is this a wipe at thee from Tom?) Ensign to his Commanding Officer when the Adjutancy is vacant, who *si dixeris æstua sudat*, he was worse than a poor relation, a greater bore than the Trade Association. (I fear me, Tom hath "blundered into debt.")—At last, in despair, I was forced to proceed to sea to rid myself of this unwelcome guest.

I had not been many days off the Reef Buoy before I was enabled to venture upon deck after sun-set with impunity; and it was on one delicious evening, when I had seated myself on the hen-coops, and was idly watching the phosphoric effect of our rapid passage through the water, that our Skipper joined me. Worthy soul! a kinder, a more liberal, and, as he had proved himself, a more gallant spirit breathed not. He was one who by his own merit had risen from before the mast to his present station.

"Glad to see you on deck again, Sir: I'm thinking we've *chiselled* that ague of yours altogether," was his opening salutation.—"Thanks to your kindness, and the sea breeze, I thing we have, Captain," replied I; "but I must also attribute some portion of my cure to my being enabled to resume my cigar, notwithstanding the Faculty in Calcutta assured me that smoking was most injurious."

"Them doctors are regular humbugs anyhow! Smoking hurt a man! why blow me if I'd give it up, no, not if I were threatened with being made a volunteer again. I saved my own life, and the lives of a ship's crew, ay! and Honorable John, a pilot vessel, into the bargain, by smoking a cheroot once."—"The devil you did!" said I; "'tis the funniest result of inhaling tobacco I ever heard of, the very funniest."—"No lie for all that, though, and I'll tell you, Sir, how it came to pass," And the pilot commenced his yarn somewhat after the following shape:—"Why you see, Sir, (said he,) 'twas in the Sou'-west monsoon, as we were riding in Balasore Roads with a hundred and twenty fathoms out—sure enough it *did* blow that night uncommon! I was a youngster then, and had charge of the forecastle watch, and was trudging it backwards and forwards with a cheroot in my gills, and the Lascars were a taking it easy under the lee of the booms and weather bulwarks: well, Sir, it wanted but a little of eight bells, and I was thinking of sending down a 'tween decks to rouse up young Pipes for the next watch, when, blow me! if I did'nt see a thundering big ship bearing down slap stem on us. There war'nt time for us to slip: and we might as well have *halloo'd* to Old Davy, as to that ship on such a night, when the wind was a howling and whistling through our rigging like a ten thousand devils; so I whipped off the apron (you know what the apron is? it covers the touch-hole of our six-pounder), and clapped my lighted cheroot to it. Bhoom! you ought to have seen the big vessel when she heard that, as she suddenly rounded to, just carrying away our jig and flying jib-booms. They were in a tarnation funk anyhow, letting all go by the run like mad 'uns. And so you see, Sir, as I was a saying, if I hadn't been smoking, we should all have made a hole in the water that night, for the ship would have walked clean over us."

"It was, indeed, a narrow escape," I was going to say; but the Skipper interrupted me with "Bah! but that warn't the worst of the business, for the powder from the touch-hole blew away my cigar, and I never recovered it since anywhere."

When I commenced this paper, it was my intention to have given an idea of the princely manner in which the Sporting Establishments in India are conducted and to have entered, somewhat largely, upon the fashion of their management. As I selected the material in my possession for that purpose, so many claims presented themselves that were not to be resisted, that I find I have produced a narrative of effect without almost an allusion to cause. Then, too, I shall be accused of *cabbaging*—but I scorn the accusation and the term alike; "throw cabbage to the tailors." If I *have* borrowed, it has been of the aloe, for surely but once in a century have such events occurred as I have recorded! Say by what talismanic transmutation is it that the mere passage of the Line changes the flower of Hayliebury into the flower of brimstone? Cadets, whose chins can scarce compete in down with the summer peach, rival in feats of raw-head-and-bloody-bones the Cretan *Minotaur;* and the *nonchalance* with which they treat their prodigies of daring, gambolling with their words in euphonic alliterations, such as, "a lark with a lion, a rum-'un with a rhinoceros, a tussel with a tiger, a *brush with a bear!*"

Sybarites as they are, these men of the East, lolling in their palanquins, inhaling perfumes, and clad in silk attire, like Sardanapalus, they are as dauntless as Achilles, once their monkey's up. But here courteous reader, having already encroached upon the limits by which we who do Periodicals are restricted, I must bid thee farewell—to meet again though—for I have yet unsaid such imminent deadly hazards, as, when thou readest, shall

Make each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!

JUAN.

[Old London Sporting Magazine for February.

AN EXTRAORDINARY COURSE UPON THE SOUTH DOWNS.—A few days since, Charles Copper, Esq., of Findon, with a brace of his greyhounds, was riding over Leech Pool Farm, with the owner, —— Reed, Esq., who had also a wire-haired greyhound bitch following him. A hare jumped up, and went away before her three pursuers for a considerable distance, when they overtook and turned her several times. Now it was thought she MUST die; however it was not till after she had run about ten miles, that she was caught by the wire-haired bitch.

RIDING TO HOUNDS, BY THISTLEWHIPPER.

DEAR SIR—Amongst all the contributors to your interesting publication, there are none whose productions evince a greater knowledge of the delightful science of hunting, than those of your intelligent correspondent SKIM. In holding up Mr. Grantley Berkeley as an example, he has made a judicious selection; for never, even in the best days of Lord Tavistock's management, was there better sport shown in the Oakley country than in the last two seasons Mr. Berkeley hunted it; and, whatever may be said to the contrary, I believe it was chiefly owing to his stern and rigid determination to prevent the field from pressing on his hounds. It has been complained that his language was not at all times agreeable to ears polite; but let it be remembered that there are men whom nothing short of a hearty oath can stop, and if they will not stop without, why they must expect it, and ought to have it. A gentleman hunting his own hounds, does not take the field like a huntsman for pay, who, whether he kills his foxes, shows sport, or not, receives his salary at the year's end, and thinks no more about it. But a gentleman attended by a large and respectable field, and surrounded by his own immediate friends, is anxious to establish himself in their reputation as a sportsman; and can anything be more mortifying than to find all his best efforts frustrated by a parcel of indiscreet men riding over the very line he expects to hit his fox? Take a case—suppose half a dozen men riding up a grass border* that leads to a junction of roads: unless the hounds carry the scent to those roads, it is not likely they will try for it there, but will look up in the huntsman's face, as much as to say what did you bring us here for? The hounds not being able to show him the line, he does not know which road to feel down—and this, too, perhaps, with a sinking fox and jaded hounds. I maintain, that a man who can endure *that*, has no soul, and is only fit for a pastry-cook. I once saw the Cambridgeshire hounds coming all of a lump over Elmsley-field, at a pace that would blow the best fox that ever lived—the country was deep, and over those high-backed lands the horses could not bother them. Unluckily, some sheep checked them, and the horses caught them. They hit it through into some grass grounds, when two or three young men, who wished to be thought artists or clever performers, as they are called now-a-days, rode in among them, and drove them two fields over the scent into a turnpike road. On the huntsman coming up, and not knowing what had happened, he very properly felt forward for Swanley Grove, then not half a mile from him. When informed how it was, he galloped back, and hit his line, but he had lost ten minutes, and that lost his fox. A barrister was once asked why he had left so good a practice in disgust, and replied, because the finest principles in law were upset by a rascally witness; and so the best laid plans in hunting are often foiled by the stupidity of part of the field. It is a singular fact, that there are few young men who have been three times with hounds but fancy themselves acquainted with the perfection of the thing. And if you tell them that the life of man is not long enough to obtain a thorough knowledge of it, and that it is like an abstruse science, the more you know of it the more you are convinced you have to learn, they will stare in your face, and laugh at your supposed ignorance. It is the minutiæ, it is the little things, that distinguish the real sportsman: he is all eye, all ear—nothing escapes him. I once saw a defeated hare run into a small cover that was much foiled; she dropped down, and the hounds could not get her up again. We waited till we were tired, when the huntsman gave her up, and blew them away. We had got about half a furlong from the cover, when the whipper-in was asked a question about a hound: he suddenly turned back his head, and snatched his horse round, crammed the spurs into him, and galloped back to the top of a hill that commanded the other side of the cover, and holloaed "Gone away!" The hounds were laid on; and as she was quite distressed, they soon killed her. On being asked what induced him to gallop back, he said, "I told the hounds out, and knew they were all come away, but I heard a blackbird frightened in the cover, and supposed it was by the hare moving after we were gone, and I was right." I am decidedly of opinion, that the success of a pack of fox-hounds is more dependent on the exertions of a good whipper-in than on the huntsman, and that a North American Indian would be excellent *materiel* to form one. How often have I witnessed Wells, the Oakley huntsman, when his hounds were approaching a cover in which they were likely to change, take off his cap, and turn his ear, to catch Tom Ball's holloa on the other side; and when he heard it, dash to the head of his hounds, catch hold of them, and gallop round to it. To show how much more observant of little things some men are than others: I was standing with about twenty men in a riding, while the hounds were drawing, and had drawn a great part of the wood. "No fox here to-day," said one. "Yes, there is a fox moving in that young plantation," said another, "and you will soon see him cross;" and two minutes after, he did. There was a universal exclamation, "How did you know a fox was there?" "While you were talking," said he, "I heard a cock-pheasant 'kep up' three or four times, evidently alarmed." To corroborate Skim's assertion, that we ought never to despair of a run, and although hounds cannot run one fox, they may another—and he instances a day from Weston-wood with Mr. Berkeley's hounds—I saw precisely a similar thing with the Cambridgeshire from Gransden-wood. The hounds came in a body up the middle of the wood: just before they got to the top, they divided. One lot came to Mr. Barnett, the other to Ward. Both broke almost at the same moment, and both went over Gransden open field, one to the right, and one to the left of it. Mr. Barnett's lot came well away with their fox; but when they should have gone to work to press him, from the failure of scent were obliged to come down to their noses, and to pick it out to Croxton-plantations, where the scent entirely failed them. On the contrary, those with Ward were smoking away with a blazing scent, that soon blew their fox, and killed him in thirty-five minutes. But I saw a more convincing proof still with a pack of harriers. A hare was found sitting, and on the huntsman being informed, from the sticking out of her sides, that she was supposed to be with young (it was the month of March), he drew off his hounds, and ordered her to be put up, he taking a position where he could see her go over a grass ground where there was no stock. The hounds were taken quietly to it, and crossed the line of scent repeatedly, without taking the least notice of it. They were then held on to the meuse through which she passed, when a tender-nosed old bitch spoke. On the other side was a ploughed field, and not a hound could touch it. The whipper-in going to turn a hound, saw another hare: "Whip her up," said the huntsman, which he did; and away they went for forty-five minutes without a single check, and killed a *jack* hare.

I also saw the successful termination of a good run, by the huntsman observing, as Skim recommends, on what terms his hounds were before a check. A pack of harriers had been running a hare, with a flaming scent, for nearly an hour, when they came best pace up to some fresh plough, which checked them. After a little time, he took hold of them, and held them over it. When they came to the other side, they struck a scent up-wind, and on good ground. After waiting some time, "Stop them," cried he, "that is not our scent." "*It must be*," exclaimed two masters of hounds, and one of their huntsmen, who happened to be out. "It is exactly your line." "It is *not* our scent, though," said he: "turn them;" and he held them to the hedge at the bottom of the plough, out of which they pushed the hunted hare, and killed her. While they were baying her, the huntsman turned his eye to the other side of a large field, towards which the stale scent pointed, and cried, "There goes the hare they were stopped from." Hounds are very sensible animals, and their fondness for the scent makes them go with their huntsman in a cast with great reluctance to where they think it is *not*. The huntsman and whip of the Gransden hounds came over to inform us of a bye-day. As the conversation, of course, turned on hunting, I asked the huntsman what induced him the last day they were out to take hold of his hounds from Eversden-wood, and feel towards the plantations, when it was evident not a hound would believe it was that way, for the whip could scarcely drive them after them; and on his turning his horses head to the left, every hound broke away into the wood, and recovered it. I further said, if you will meet me at Broad Leys, I will convince you that hounds know better which way the game is than any huntsman can possibly tell them. They agreed, and I took a few couple of beagles. So soon as we found, I said, "Now, when they check, make up your mind if you were hunting them where you would catch them, and I will leave them alone." After repeated checks, and repeated consultations between the two, they said, "By the powers, they are always right, and we are always wrong;" and the whip, who has since become a huntsman, confessed to me that that lesson did him more good than all he ever saw before or since.

If I at all differ from Skim, it is in the advice he gives as to riding to hounds. In all countries, they ride close enough to them; and when I began the article, I did hope he was advising them when to stop; for all the fields I have lately witnessed, *that* piece of advice appears most wanting. Imagine fifty or sixty horses pressing on hounds, as is generally the case, down wind. If they are driven over the scent, how is it possible for them to come back through all the horses to feel for it, or hit it, overwhelmed as it must be by the cloud of breath and steam arising from such a crowd? The moment hounds throw up, every ear is on the stretch for "Hollon!"—not a soul looks at or thinks about a hound; and I have seen a whole field prick their ears, and gallop away to the lowing of a cow or the scream of a bird-keeper. A holloa may be of service to direct a huntsman in his cast, and if he carries the scent in that line, some dependence may be placed on it; but should he not, he can then send a whipper-in, to ascertain its correctness, while he is feeling for it in another direction. When do you hear of such runs now, as they had thirty or forty years ago? They were sufficient to kill three or four horses in a day, and nobody will deny that they had as good horses in those days as the present—better, indeed, if we take into consideration how much more generally the system of bringing horses to the cover-side in condition is understood. But the fashionable folly of steeple-chasing was not then in practice. If gentlemen are fond of jumping, for heaven's sake let them jump like Welch Methodists, if they like it—there is no law to prevent it—let them jump till they break their necks, and so jump to a conclusion: but let them not jump in, upon, and over hounds. To what can you attribute the great success of the Cambridgeshire hounds over all the surrounding packs, but to the determination of Mr. Barnett and his huntsman to kill a fox with hounds, and not with men? If a huntsman depends on screams and holloas, how is he to get on when there is no holloa? And again, in taking hounds off the scent to cap them to a holloa, more time is lost in getting their noses down again, and the hounds fairly settled to the scent, than is gained by the lift. I have heard men scream at a fox over a ride, when every hound was in, and well settled to him; and it was evident they would come quicker to the scent than to the holloa. I have seen hounds so confused by the variety of holloas that they did not know which to go to, and would neither go to work nor go to the holloas. When do you see hounds so hardy or obedient as they are, after they have been a few times cub-hunting? They then only hear the voices of those they are anxious and willing to obey, and when they hear a holloa or a horn, they soon find out they can depend on it, and fly to it. If gentlemen who are inclined to assist hounds, instead of holloaing, would hold up their hats as a signal to the huntsman, that they had viewed a fox, if he thinks it is the hunted one, and his hounds are not on good terms, he may do as he pleases about taking them to it; and if he determines to do so, they hear only his horn or voice, and are not confused by a Babel-like clamour.

If a fox is running hounds out of scent, and any one gets forward to a large cover he may be pointing for, he may probably view the "chicken-butcher" creeping over some of the rides: if he holloas, the fox will immediately fly forwards, and the pack gains nothing by his motion: but if he waits quietly till some one appears at the cover, he can then, by holding up his hat, give the office—the huntsman is sure to be informed of it, and the quieter he brings his hounds the better. The fox, not having heard his enemies for some time, fancies he has shaken them off, and is stopping, or creeping about the cover: they may then be laid on within a minute of him. But mind this is only recommended when, from bad luck, or bad scent, the fox has got too far before them to be fairly recovered.

Oh for the joys of hunting! Cambridgeshire was the charm of my youth, and is now the delight of my declining years. Earth had but one Paradise, and has but one *Potton-wood*, and that is in the Cambridgeshire country. Who that has seen the wild varmint flying over its smooth shorn spacious rides, but has felt his heart bound within him? And when, by a short canter, he has viewed him over the next, and heard the cover ring with the melody behind him, who but has felt the blood tingle in his veins, his teeth chattering, his nostrils distended, and his determination (if well mounted) to die or see the end of it. Perceiving that December 4th was the fixture for that favorite cover, I determined to go and minutely inspect the pack; so, putting on my great coat, I mounted my pony, and arriving before the hounds, went forward to meet them. They were coming along a hedge-side, on a border, and I went down the lands to have a side-view of them. I found them exceedingly level, in blooming and glossy condition, with their eyes bright and full of fire: no bristly backs, no drooping skins, every muscle finely developed, and supported by as much bone as a Welch pony sports. My eye became rivetted on a few of them; and on my asking Mr. Barnett how they were bred, he, in the kindest manner, afforded me every information. I put down the names of their sires in my note-book; and having, with some trouble, collected lists from all the kennels, I found his hounds are from the very best blood in the kingdom; viz., Lord Yarborough's, the Duke of Rutland's, and Lord Fitzwilliam's.

They had not been in the cover two minutes, when a challenge was heard and cheered, and the cry announced a find. I went to the cross ride, where part of the field stood: a fox crossed—not a soul holloaed. On my expressing my delight at the quietness of the field, the person next me said, "O sir, this wood is full of foxes: we never holloa till we get out of it—you will see two or three more cross in a minute;" and surely there did. It is rented by two brothers of the name of Hogg; and if it was drawn blank, they would both die of broken hearts before the week was over. The hounds were kept well together. At length, a fox was viewed away for the Gil Rags country. They clapped to him: I saw them ascend the hill; when turning round, I brushed a dew-drop from my eye, at the remembrance that I had *had* my day, and going over Gamlingay-field, on my way home, I turned to take a last, longing, lingering look at Potton-wood!

I am, yours, THISTLEWHIPPER.

London New Sporting Magazine for February.

RACOON HUNTING.

All is now in a bustle within and without: a servant lights a torch, and off we march to the woods. "Don't mind the boys, my dear sir," says the woodsman, "follow me close, for the ground is covered with logs, and the grape vines hang everywhere across. Toby, hold up your light, man, or we'll never see the gullies. Trail your gun, sir, as General Clarke used to say,—not so, but this way,—that's it; now then, no danger you see; no fear of snakes, poor things! They are stiff enough, I'll be bound. The dogs have treed one. Toby, you old fool, why don't you turn to the right—not so much there—go a-head, and give us light. What's that?—Who's there?—Ah, you young rascals! you've played us a trick, have you? It's all well enough, but now, just keep behind, or I'll"—— and in fact, the boys, with eyes good enough to see in the dark, although not quite so well as an owl's, had cut directly across the dogs, which had surprised a racoon on the ground and bayed it, until the lads knocked it on the head. "Seek him, boys," cries the hunter. The dogs, putting their noses to the ground, pushed off at a good rate. "Master, they're making for the creek," says old Toby. On towards it therefore we push. What woods, to be sure! No gentleman's park this, I assure you, reader. We are now in a low flat; the soil thinly covers the hard clay: nothing but beech trees hereabouts, unless now and then a maple. Hang the limbs! say I—hang the supple-jacks too—here I am, fast by the neck—cut it with your knife. My knee has had a tremendous rub against a log—now, my foot is jammed between two roots—and here I stick. "Toby,,come back, don't you know the stranger is not up to the woods. Halloo, Toby, Toby!" There I stood, perfectly shackled, the hunter laughing heartily, and the lads glad of an opportunity of slipping off. Toby arrived, and held the torch near the ground, on which the hunter, cutting one of the roots with his hatchet, set me free. "Are you hurt, sir?"—no, not in the least.

Off we start again. The boys had got up with the dogs, which were baying a racoon in a puddle. We soon joined them with the light. "Now, stranger, watch and see!" The racoon was all but swimming, and yet had hold of the bottom of the pool with his feet. The glare of the lighted torch was doubtless distressing to him; his coat was ruffled, and his rounded tail seemed thrice its ordinary size; his eyes shone like emeralds. With foaming jaws, he watched the dogs, ready to seize each by the snout if it came within his reach. They kept him busy for several minutes; the water became thick with mud; his coat now hung dripping, and his draggled tail lay floating on the surface. His guttural growlings, in place of intimidating his assailants, excited them the more; and they very unceremoniously closed upon him, curs as they were, and without the breeding of gentle dogs. One seized him by the rump, and tugged, but was soon forced to let go; another stuck to his side, but soon taking another better-directed bite of his muzzle than another dog had just done of his tail, coon made him yelp, and pitiful were the cries of poor Tyke. The racoon would not let go; but in the meantime the other dogs seized him fast, and worried him to death, yet to the last he held by his antagonist's snout. Knocked on the head by an axe, he lay gasping his last breath, and the heaving of his chest was painful to see. The hunters stood gazing at him in the pool, while all around was, by the flare of the torchi rendered doubly dark and dismal. It was a good scene for a skilful painter. We had now two coons, whose furs were worth two quarters of a dollar, and whose bodies—which I must not forget—as Toby informed me, would produce two more. "What now?" I asked. "What now?" quoth the father, "why, go after more, to be sure." So we did, the dogs a-head, and I far behind. In a short time, the curs treed another, and when we came up, we found them seated on their haunches, looking upwards, and barking. The hunters now employed their axes, and sent the chips about at such a rate, that one of them coming in contact with my cheek, marked it so, that a week after, several of my friends asked me where, in the name of wonder, I had got that black eye. At length, the tree began to crack, and slowly leaning to one side, the heavy mass swung rustling through the air, and fell to the earth with a crash. It was not one coon that was surprised here, but three—ay, three of them; one of which, more crafty than the rest, leaped fairly from the main-top, while the tree was staggering. The other two stuck to the hollow of a branch, from which they were soon driven by one of the dogs. Tyke and Lyon, having nosed the cunning old one, scampered after him, not mouthing like the well-trained hounds of our southern fox-hunters, but yelling like furies. The hunter's sons attacked those on the tree, while the woodsman and I, preceded by Toby, made after the other; and busy enough we all were. Our animal was of extraordinary size; and, after some parley, a rifle ball was sent through his brain. He reeled once only—next moment he lay dead. The rest were dispatched by the axe and by the club, for a shot in those days was too valuable to be spent when it could be saved. It could procure a deer, and therefore was worth more than a coon's skin.

[Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

THE CHACE IN NORTH AMERICA.—The fixture for the Montreal hounds on Wednesday last was the Horse Boat, St. Mary's Current. The hounds were first thrown into the covert on the right of the St. John's road, distant from Longueuil about three miles, which, with several smaller, were drawn blank. At half past eleven the large covert on the Laprairie-road, about five miles distant from Longueuil, was then drawn, which the five hounds entered in most gallant style. Scarcely had a moment elapsed, when from the huntsman was heard, "Hark, to Ranger, hark!" when immediately the fox broke; the tally-ho was given, and away went Ranger, Music, and Echo; their eagerness, however, led them to fault. This interval was taken advantage of by the the remainder of the pack coming up steadily, with Dairy Maid leading; the dogs then got all well together, and the scene at this moment would require a Nimrod's pen to do it full justice. The excitement of the men and horses was extreme, but the oft-used words of "Give them time," seemed to bring the former to their understanding, and efficiently did both do their work, as will be admitted by the sequel. With "sterns up and heads down" did the crack pack set to their duty. "Forward!" was the cry, and for thirty-five minutes the pace was continued at a most slapping rate. Here the hounds were at fault for three or four minutes; the fox had doubled back. Vaulter, however, hit it off in good style, and was immediately joined by Ringwood and the remainder of the hounds. Riding was again the order of the day, and the fox made for his former covert, in which, it was feared, he would earth. Undervaluing the speed of his pursuers, as well as disdaining so ignominious a grave, he again left the covert, and gallantly led the way over what may justly be termed Melton of Canada, at a most terrific pace. Both fox and dogs crossed the Chambly river, which was afterwards charged by the huntsman with the pluck of a Mytton, and landing safely on the opposite bank, cap in hand, "Forward, forward!" was his cry. He was closely followed by several others, and the "swimming business" of men and horses was a ridiculous spectacle.—The music of the merry pack now excited men and horses to their best. Reynard crossed the Rail-road, and tried hard for the covert towards St. Phillips; but it was "no go." Seven and a half couple of stout well-bred English fox-hounds were too close to his brush, and in the open field they ran into him in brilliant style. "Who hoop!" was the cry—one hour and twenty-five minutes the time. Four men, including the huntsman, were in at the death. The ceremony of distributing the brush, scalp, and pads, was now performed, which occupied about five or six minutes. During this internal, the remaining field (all having crossed the river) came up, slightly changed in the appearance presented at the covert side; the damp wisping of the Chambly river had materially altered the colour of their coats, as well as effected a strange admixture of Warren, pipe-clay, and putty-powder, in the lower parts of thir toggery.

Montreal Herald.

OLD BANG'S STORY.

Among the party here (Willowford), there is no one who more amuses me than Old Bang, the American skipper, of whom I think you have before heard mention. He is as rough and as tough as a block from the backwoods talks in a genuine Kentucky brogue, and has been every where. America, however, is his favorite subject—with what American is it not?—and sporting his favorite pursuit. What hair-breadth escapes he has had, in his hunting excursions in the bush! He has been taken prisoner among the Indians; he has been surrounded by wild beasts; precipitated down cataracts; carried up by whirlwinds; frozen to an icicle on Lake Winnipeg; scorched to a cinder on Mount Volcano. In short, there is no peril that "flesh is heir to"—or bone either—but Captain Bang has at some time or other encountered. He has had broken ribs, and fractured skulls, and cracked collar-bones, and dislocated hips, enough to set up an hospital: and as for flesh-wounds, a round of beef can scarcely boast of more. He has been peppered with bullets, he says, till his body resembled a sieve. Truly, the Captain is still *a riddle*.

One of his favorite tales is of an adventure which befel him while hunting on the borders of the Missouri. I shall endeavor to give it in his own words; a matter by no means so difficult as it would at first appear, for he generally tells it us at least once a-day—oftener, if there's company.

"I b'lieve I never told you (he begins the ninety-nine-times-told tale) of a mighty awful adventure as happened me one time in the bush by the Missouri—or the Pikkiwoffinhouleespee, as the Red Indians call it. I was out waiting for deer at one of the Salt licks—but maybe you don't know how we do that trick. Well, then, I'll tell you. We goes out late in the night, and gits close agen the spring, with a rifle, and a dark-lantern, and a bundle o' pitch pine, and maybe a mighty small drink o' brandy in a side pocket. Well, there we lies considerable quiet, till we hears the deer rollickin' about at the hedge of the spring, and then we opens the lantern, and sets the pine wood blazing a few, and keeps the rifle ready to speak out as soon as we git a sight o' the cretur's two eyes staring right slick in your face. Well, I'd been waiting good two hours at the lick, and felt mighty wolfish for a fat buck. The night had been moony one while, but it was got right darksome now, and a pretty ugly look-out there was above, I reckon; for the thunder begun to growl out uncommon sweet, and the lightning came flashing right slantendicular across the black sky, and the hail come rattling down like bags o' marbles, and bouncing up again in one's face till they made my nose bleed—if they didn't, I wish I may be shot! Sich a night I never *did* see! The flashes of lightning kept singin' the leaves off the trees, and every time there was a blaze you might see the hailstones knockin' the 'coons off the branches at a sweet rate. I'd got on my deer-skin clothes, or else I won't tell you what had come of me; and, as it was, I felt tarnation black and blue about the shins, with the hailstones knockin' agin 'em. Well, I was lying to leeward of the spring, with my rifle ready cocked, and my dark lantern before me, and a good broom o' pitch-pine under my coat to keep it dry, when, all of a sudden, I heard somethin' movin' about in the cane at the edge o' the marsh. Now's your time, Captain, says I, mighty small to myself; and if you don't get a shoot this time, it's my b'lief you never will. So I ups with the old rifle in my rightenmost hand, and opens the lantern purty quiet, and sets the pine-wood a-blazin'. And I looks out right slick away before me, me and my old rifle, with both our mouths open, ready to swallow everything up: and as the pine-wood began to blaze out, I seed sich a sight as made me shiver all over—if I didn't. I wish I may be shot! It was a Red Indian woman, squatted close agen the edge o' the cane, with a little cub Indian in her arms. Well, I reckon I felt mighty queerish at seein' them so near death's door, and me with my hand on the batch, as I may say. And it was awful funny to see the red gal and her little un staring right up at me, and never so much as thinkin' it was but a jerk of my finger, and both on 'em gone to the land o' the Great Spirit, as they call it. But all this while I'm standin' with my rifle right straight out, in a line with the Indy woman and her brat. It wasn't likely I'd stop that way long together, so 'Hold hard, Captain!' says I, mighty pert; but before I could git my rifle away, a flash o' lightning come right up the barrel, in at the touch-hole, and shot the poor 'oman and her child right through the middle—if it didn't, I wish I may be shot! Well, I calculate I was mightily divilled at that, though in course I laid it on the old gun and the lightning. And I hadn't time to git over to where the poor cretur lay, with my pine-torch blazin' in my hand, when I seed another red gurl, a-leanin' over the one as I shot. As soon as she seed me, she gev a mighty droll screech, and away into the bush, as if she was turned mad. So I riz the poor 'oman up, and indeed she was a beauty to look at, and the little one was mighty like her to be sure. But as I couldn't do 'em any good, I took up my old gun, and got away a good piece from where they lay; and then I got up a mighty slick gum-tree, and slep' there till mornin'. Well, next day I riz up, shook my mane, and tuk a pretty severe swig o' brandy; and nothin' would do after that, but I must go down stairs out o' the gum-tree, and have a look at the valler flower o' the forest as I'd left lying up away at the Salt-lick. So I looked fresh after my fire-arms—that's the old rifle and my pocket pistol—and away I trots for the lick at a mighty smart pace—if I didn't, I wish I may be shot! As the devil would have it, just then a great rattling 'coon come across me at the end of a teak bough, and began to luk mighty quirky and rip-stavering at me, as much as to say, "I don't care for you *that*." So, says I, I'll give you a good cooling out at any price, for he made me feel a little maddish; and so I gave the old gun the item, and she spoke out mighty purty in no time. Down tumbles the 'coon, and to it I goes to get his skin, when 'Hello!' says I, 'what have we here?' And what do you think there was? Why, confound me for a clock pedlar, if there wasn't the red gal as I frightened away the night afore, and half-a-dozen wild fellows with spears in their hands, and lookin' my way mighty unpleasant, I promise you. Well, maybe the red gal didn't go the whole animal when she see me. What a voice!—I never hear Catalani go half so high. She soon told 'em who I was, and a sweet purty howl they set up, coming right slick at me all the while with their spears down—if they didn't, I wish I may be shot! Maybe you wouldn't like to been me then—nothing but an empty rifle in one hand, and a dead 'coon in the other—and six Red Indians with pikes in their fists, and looking mighty wolfish and savage. Well, on they cum, and I kep' my ground like a good un; and when they got a small piece nearer to me, and you wouldn't have gev a hare-skin for my life to put in a lease, I outs with my pocket pistol—a six-barrelled un as I bought at a store at Washington—and takes my aim mighty neat, and bang! I lays 'em all six at my feet deader than mutton—if I didn't, I wish I may be shot!

[London Court Journal.

A writer in the National Intelligencer relates the following anecdote:—When the body of Commodore Decatur was placed in the vault of Mr. Barlow, (now Col. Bomford's,) at Kalorama and when the multitude which accompanied the funeral had dispersed, he observed a solitary individual, in a sailors dress, lingering near the place. He walked up to him, and asked him what he wanted; the sailor replied "that he only wished to look a while at the place where they had laid the *main mast* of the Navy," and walked off. Who could have spoke a better eulogy: it was the eloquence of nature and of earth.

CIVILITY.—A young gentleman being found in the Strand asleep at an unseasonable hour yesterday morning, was brought before the magistrate at Bow-street, when he confessed he had been very tipsy. "Young man," said the Magistrate, "you should be very sorry." "I am sorry." "You must be fined." Handing over the money, "I am fined."

POLITENESS IN WAR!—Before the battle of Fontenoy, the officers of the British column, on approaching within fifty paces of the French Guards, saluted their opponents by taking off their hats: the French officers, stepping forth to the front, returned the compliment! Lord Charles Hay, a captain in the English Guards, then advanced from the ranks, and cried, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!" Compte d'Antorocho, a lieutenant of Grenadiers, replied, in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, fire yourselves—we never fire first!" The British now poured in a fire so destructive, that nineteen officers of the French Guards and eleven of the Swiss fell before it: 600 men of the same corps were killed or wounded; and the Swiss regiment of Courten, which had joined the French Guards, were annihilated.

CHAMPAGNE.—It is stated, that the quantity of champagne wine made the past season is greater than for several years. This is grand news for *bon vivants*. The glass-blowers of France and Italy cannot finish bottles as fast as the other *blowers* empty them.

LEAP YEAR RESOLUTION.—We learn, that at a meeting of Young Ladies in ——— County, a few days since, it was unanimously resolved, that any one entertaining attachment for a young gentleman, shall at the first opportunity say "*Snip*" to him, to which his replying "*Snap*" is to be taken and held so much of a marriage treaty, as to render his retreat dishonorable. Nevertheless, any gentleman merely withholding the responsive monosyllable, shall continue to be received as before. A good device, and God bless the inventor!

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

At the late Southampton Sessions, a witness, being called upon to give a prisoner a character, declared, that he had always conducted himself so well, that he never knew him to be kicked out of a public-house.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1836.

The Great Southern Match.

So much interest is excited from the high stakes and great reputation of the horses in training for the match race to come off at Augusta, Ga., in April, that any facts in relation to it must be acceptable to all votaries of the Turf, and induces us to lay before our readers the contents of a private letter from a turfman perfectly *au fait* to the whole subject.

He writes us that *John Bascomb*, *Bill Austin*, and *Lady Nashville*, are in training at Mr. J. G. WINTERS' plantation near Augusta, and that all three are in fine health and spirits. They are under the charge of M. S. HAMMOND, one of the best four-mile trainers—thinks our correspondent—in the Union. *Bolivia* has broke down, and gone to the horse, being placed in the harem of *Robin Hood*.

The betting at this time between Argyle and Col. CROWELL'S stable is about equal. When the match was made, Argyle was decidedly the favorite; but the feats of Lady Nashville at Charleston have had the effect to increase general confidence in Crowell's lot, and to alter, slightly, the complexion of the odds.

"The race will be a very betting one, and exceedingly interesting. It is understood that the Alabama folks will be here in droves, and well loaded with "the root of all evil." The South Carolinians will not be "backward in coming forward," and are no ways scarce of nerve and rhino. In all probability, a hundred thousand "*Spaniards*" will not pay the losses of those who have already "put on the pot." The *on dit* is, that Col. JOHNSON and ARTHUR TAYLOR, Esq., will both be here, and that Argyle is to be *backed* by WILLIS!"

GRAND TROTTING MATCH.

The admirers of fast bits of blood will be glad to hear that a grand Sweepstakes for trotting horses has been made up, for which their old favorites, *Confidence*, *Dutchman*, and *Fanny Pullen*, are nominated. The sweepstakes will be trotted on the Centreville Course, L.I. on the 6th of May next. Two miles and repeat, in harness; subscription $1000; three subscribers, and closed, viz.—

Henry Jones.....names.....Fanny Pullen.
James Black..... " .....Confidence.
Joel Conklin..... " .....Dutchman.

This is something like; we are glad to see the ball opened in style, and to hear that friend CONKLIN intends to do the handsome thing this season in a way that will not only go "a leetle beyond the Yankees," but a smart touch above the vulgar. Conklin must give a purse in honor of the occasion of the Sweepstakes, and then "*Wake Snakes!*" Won't all the world and his wife be on the ground!

☞ Our readers will have observed that we have adopted a different method of numbering the folios of our present volume from that practised in our last. Our intention is to make the *Spirit of the Times* worthy of preservation henceforward, and we have preferred the present method of paging it for convenience in referring to it. To facilitate still further such a purpose, we shall close the volume with an *index*, as full and complete as a sportsman might wish it. We have still on hand a few files of the numbers we have published thus far of this volume, and any gentleman who may think the series worth preservation, and yet be unwilling to trouble himself with so annoying a care, can have a volume reserved for him in our own office, to be delivered at the end of the year.

Extract from a Letter to the Editor, dated, WASHINGTON, 10th March.

"On a visit yesterday to the stables of Mr. Oliver, adjacent to our race course, I was pleased to see he had some tried good ones in training, for the Washington spring meeting. GENERAL HUNTER'S *Captain* and Mr. M'CLANAHAN'S *Donna Maria*—both of good speed—the President's promising Bolivar filly, out of Busiris dam, in the great stake, $1000 each, and two good looking Star colts. Unless I am greatly out, Mr. Editor, we shall have fine running here in the spring. I advise you come on, with all lovers of a good race."

JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., the owner of the fine horse *Niagara*, sold him a day or two since to a gentleman of Kentucky. It is a singular fact that the purchaser, although at leisure in our city, declined riding the short distance to the Race Course to view him before closing the bargain, so well satisfied was he with the character of the horse, and the representations made of him by his high-minded and spirited owner.

LAPDOG AND LUZBOROUGH—Our sporting readers may recollect a card addressed to the owners of *Lapdog*, signed T. A. PANKEY, of Franklin, Tenn., on the last page of this paper of March 5th, under the head of "A Mistake corrected and a Banter Accepted." The card alluded to has been answered by JAMES JACKSON & Co.; but at too great a length for our columns. Messrs. J. & Co. come down *rather* hard upon *Luzborough* and his owner, or agent (Mr. Pankey), and greet that gentleman's vision with the following interesting item of statistics:—

Lapdog, in 1832-3-4-5, had 12 winners, that won 26½ races, and £2645
Luzborough, in 1833-4-5, had 9 " " £1208

CAROLINIAN IN THE FIELD!

SOMMERVILLE, Tenn. Jan. 14, 1836.

RICHARD CLEERE and J. W. DICKSON propose to run their horse *Carolinian*, in three months from this time, four miles and repeat, against any horse, mare or gelding, that belongs to Fayette county, or any nag that he has ever run with, in the same race, belonging to the Western District, for one thousand dollars aside—half forfeit, if taken up by the 15th of February. As there are a good many brag nags belonging to Fayette county, we have no doubt but we can be accommodated. *If any one takes this offer up they will call on*

R. CLEERE, *Fayette co.*

A CHALLENGE TO ZINGANEE!

ZINGANEE from his performance on the Turf, has acquired reputation as a Race Horse, having beaten the best horses on the Turf in his day. I propose to run him with *Walk-in-the-Water* over the Salem course, on the 27th day of April, 1836, for five hundred dollars a side, half forfeit. A single dash of two miles.—The challenge to be taken up by the 15th Mareh.

February 27, 1836. KEMP F. COCKE.

THE EXPEDITION of HUMPHREY CLINKER. By T. Smollett, M. D., with a Memoir of the Author by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., and Illustrations by George Cruikshanks.

"Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? Ad te, inquam." HORACE.

New York, 1836, Harpers & Brothers, 82, Cliff-street.

There's a title page for you, my gentle reader, such as meets your eye but once in a dog's age. HUMPHREY CLINKER,—that famous killer of time on a dull Sunday in college—that promoter of agreeable ideas on a rainy day—one of the cleverest of a clever writer's novels,—here you have it fitly illustrated by George Cruikshanks, and *got up* (oh, the ugly phrase!) in a style of excellence worthy even of the Harpers.

We were not made to praise HUMPHREY CLINKER, or any thing else that SMOLLETT ever wrote; but we can tell you where to find a beautiful edition of the book; and, while you are running down to 82, Cliff-street, after it, allow us to rest our pedal extremities upon the top of a not over warm grate, and renew our age with laughing again over *the trials here in the flesh* of HUMPHREY CLINKER.

PAUL CLIFFORD, and THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. Harper & Brothers.

These novels make the third and fourth volumes of the Harpers' edition of Bulwer's Works. They are in all respects as beautiful as the volumes which have preceded them, and we need not therefore say any thing more than that they are OUT.

SPORTSMEN'S BANK.—A member of the Louisiana Legislature has given notice that he will introduce a bill to incorporate "the Company of Fox-hunters of Baton Rouge, with banking privileges."

GREAT SHOOTING.—Mr. Eben Phillips, from "Phillips's Beach," in the neighborhood of this town, did a vast deal of execution at one shot, lately. He was in a boat off the Graves', when he came upon a flock of black ducks, of which he killed at one shot as many as sold in Boston market for $25, besides a number that he could not recover. [Salem Gazette.

TYRONE POWER'S BOOK.—The newspapers are filling their columns with a quantity of miserable puffery, said to be extracts from a work by Tyrone Power, the actor. If written by that personage, they are the flattest blarney that ever came from an Irishman. There is not a single fresh, original thought yet attributed to him. [Boston Courier "*I guess.*"

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The WOODS open at the Park on Monday. Already more than half the house is taken. HACKETT commenced a farewell engagement on Thursday, prior to his departure for Europe. REEVE'S benefit on Monday was what he deserved; the receipts were so near $2000, "there was no fun in it," as they say in Orleans. He nightly gained upon the good graces of his audience, and has left behind him a very flattering and strong impression of his ability to please.

The new drama of *The Jewess* was produced on Friday, before a very fashionable and intelligent auditory. The appearance of the house—which was crammed to the ceiling at an early hour—was in fine keeping with the surpassing beauty and magnificence of the scenic decorations of the play itself. Where all was so superb, it is no easy task to designate something peculiarly rich, fanciful, and *recherche*; still, we must say "one little word" with regard to the armor of "The Red Cross Knights." Old stager as we are, never before have we seen any thing that came up to the standard of the ideal image "in our mind's eye" of the "Soldiers of the Cross" in the age of chivalry. We confess the splendid gold chain armor of the Emperor Sigismund and his haughty Marshal, as they appeared mounted "on barbed steeds," revived associations of by-gone times that sent us to our bed dreaming of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—Richard Cœur de Lion—of tournaments—and gallant passages of arms,—that we have hardly recovered from to this day.

The piece went off with *eclat*, and was announced for repetition amidst a torrent of applause. Mr. EVERS, the painter—and the costumer, whoever he may be—received the most marked testimonials of the admiration of the house. The piece was very effectively cast—and possessing as it does a mine of incident, was rendered by the *dramatis personæ* with a spirit and general cleverness that elicited the highest sattsfaction. It has been ever since the strong feature in the bill of fare offered at the Park, and will probably long remain a standing dish.

At the *Bowery*, too, "The Jewess" is still drawing good houses. The piece itself as rendered there is vile enough; but the supernumeraries are so numerous and so well drilled, that, added to the attraction of the imposing scenery, Mr. Hamblin is likely to make a good thing of it. The scenery, by LEHR, an artist of great promise, is appropriate and beautiful. A few of the banners particularly are very fine; and the view of the City of Constance and tableau at the close of the first act, are better of their kind than any thing got up at the Bowery since "The Fire Worshippers" in 1831. Mrs. FLYNN'S *Rachel* (the Jewess) is worthy of remark, as a happy and judicious personation of a finely-conceived character. As we saw nothing to praise in the representative of *Forrester*, but his good-humor with himself, we shall say nothing; and we finally let off *Leopold* and *Eleazer* on the same ground, though JACKSON has greatly improved since we saw him at the Park. There was one fellow, who, did we know him, we would make his fortune; we allude to him who is privileged to carry a wand, roar bad grammar, and make himself ridiculous. Mr. Flynn would confer an especial favor upon the public by breaking the wand over his head: one would imagine he was at his old trade of driving oxen, to see him with his "good stick," leading the procession.

Altogether, the Bowery version of The Jewess is highly creditable to that establishment, which makes us the more regret that a little feeling of jealousy and spite should have prompted the manager (thereby lessening himself in public opinion) to publish the vulgar and disgraceful caption we see at the head of his bills, purporting to be the opinions of the press, which every intelligent individual knows to be arrant humbug. As to the assertions about the "triumph," and all that, of The Jewess, at the Bowery, it is all stuff—a genuine theatrical gag, that would disgrace a company of strolling vagabonds; and so it is considered by the respectable portion of the community.

Mrs. KEPPELL, (whose husband Fanny immortalized with "Where *is* your dagger, Mr. Keppell?") is giving concerts in Mobile with that gallant troubadour and right merrie man of wax, Il Signor MARTINEZ, our quandam tutor, whom we will back to play a better guitar, drink more Hock, tell better stories and more of 'em, smoke more cigars and make love to more female women, than any "sucking dove" from the North Pole to Mexico.

DEATH OF WILLIAM DUFFY, ESQ.—The Albany papers confirm the rumors in town last Monday, of the death of poor Duffy, the manager of their theatre. He died on Saturday afternoon last, in consequence of a wound inflicted upon him some weeks since, by one Hamilton, a member of his company. Hamilton is in custody.

Mrs. GIBBS, (late Miss Graddon,) a sweet singer and charming woman, is now in Mobile, on her way north. If our temperament was not calm and placid as a clam's at high water, we should feel a sort of an all-overish kind of feeling, at the descriptions sent us by some of the young bloods of the sunny, South. As it is, we are "calm as a summer's morning" as old Nick is said to have said by somebody about the *globe*. One of the fraternity at New-Orleans "wasted his sweetness" in the paragraph annexed:

"Her eye is the most wicked (in Cupid's sense,) and lustrous we have ever seen. There is a sweetness—a richness, and a melody in her voice, to our ears, inexpressibly delicious. Her manner is so unaffectedly dignified, and at the same time retiring and modest, that she wins the respect at the same moment that she ravishes the senses of the audience."

Our friend CASE, too, of the Mercantile Advertiser, Mobile, is a "gone case" we fear; at least there is strong presumptive, if not circumstantial evidence of the fact, in the following paragraph, which some we wot of will not "roll like a sweet morsel under their tongues:"

"Mrs. GIBBS, who made her first appearance here last evening at the Theatre, is decidedly the best singer we have ever heard, not even excepting the charming Mrs. Austin. She is the very spirit of melody itself. She appears to-night. Let her have a crowded house from pit to gallery. The music of her voice and her enchanting eye are extatic beyond description."

WHO IS TO HAVE THE OPERA HOUSE?—Our daily cotemporary of *The Times* says it has been stated that Mr. CALDWELL, the enterprising manager of the St. Charles Theatre in New Orleans, had taken the Italian Opera House in this city, and adds, "we have seen a letter from New Orleans, which states that Mr. C. was anxious to engage the Opera House for one year, but that the terms of occupation were so clogged with restrictions that he was *compelled to decline* negotiations."

So then Mr. Caldwell is not to have the Opera House after all. Well, no matter. We, of THE SPIRIT OF "*The Times*" have also "seen a letter from New Orleans which states that" Mr. RUSSELL "was anxious to eugage the Opera House for one year," and what is more, the *on dit* that obtains here is, that *he will have it*, provided he is not "compelled to decline" in consequence of an offer made him to preside over the destinies of a new Temple to the Drama which a company of spirited gentlemen propose to erect the present season on Broadway.

A Splendid Gold Watch was presented to Mr. BROUGH a few evenings since, by several of his musical admirers and personal friends, as a token of respect for his scientific accomplishments, and a manifestation of private esteem. [Boston Morn. Post.

☞ "The Jewess" is now playing at the three houses. It is chaste and elegant at the Park—neat and bewitching at the Franklin—gaudy and rumpsey-dumpsey at the Bowery. This is the crack piece now on the boards. [Morning Herald.

LETTER FROM A REPENTANT MURDERER.—Mr. Jones, in his performance of *Puff*, in Sheridan's *Critic*, at the Queen's Theatre, on Monday evening, introduced the following singular epistle from himself to the character he was representing:—"Mr. Jones, late of Edinburgh, now of the Queen's Theatre, stung with remorse for his inhuman murder of an amiable young Irishman called *Patrick the Foreigner*, presumes to hope, that, in consequence of his sincere contrition, and his resolution never again to injure or misrepresent any of his Majesty's Irish subjects, he may receive a free pardon for his late heinous offence."—This good-humored submission to that of criticism was, in the language of *Mr. Puff*, "received with reiterated burts of laughter and applause by a brilliant and judicious audience."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—The papers tell us, that among the many benevolent individuals who have patronised that useful charity, the Royal Belgrave Lying-in Institution, *Lady* John Russell has forwarded a liberal donation to its funds. This is kind. We hope the *Home* Secretary will receive the hint the subscription so eloquently conveys with due alacrity. The "Widow's Mite," if not *pregnant* with meaning, yet evidently is significant. [Ibid.

The number of beasts and sheep sold in Smithfield, London, during the year 1835 was as follows:—Beasts, 182,308: sheep, 1,573,410.

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

I never to the play-house go,
And gaze upon the mimic scene,
But early recollections rise
Of what the stage has been.

Those halcyon days when *Cooper* play'd
The Roman's part in all:
Hamlet the Dane—Mark Antony—
Brutus in Tarquin's fall.

For *Tom* in tragic power was then
The "noblest feather in our wing;"
"The glass of fashion—mould of form"—
"Ay—every inch a king."

Who can forget that radiant face—
That step, so graceful, firm, and free—
"An eye like Jove, to awe—command"—
The Prince of Tragedy?

I see "Old Johnson" moving round
The boards *Tom Kilner* trod;
And think, when *Andrews* greets me now,
Of *Bray* beneath the sod.

Barrett and *Balls* the palm contend
In brilliant comedy—"enough:"
He who combined the gifts of both
We meet no more—*Jack Duff*.

Though Farce with boisterous mirth excites
The crowd—amidst the din—
I turn away from gay *Jack Reeve*,
And sigh for *H. J. Finn*.

I sigh for those who pleased me first,
When life and hope were new;
The oft remembered of our youth,
Now gone or lingering few.

'HENRY, *star* of my earliest love,
First glitterer on memory's sky,
"Age withers not, nor custom stales,
Thy infinite variety.

What images that gentle name
Reveals to recollection dear,
Long hidden by Time's raven wing—
"Jewel in Ethiop's ear."

Lost Pleiad, from *thy constellation* stray'd
"Bright exhalations"† vainly hover near:
"In thy bright radiance and collateral light"
They live—"*not in thy sphere.*"

"But O vain boast!" why seek the past—
Lamenting what must be?
Yet "I remember such things were,
And were most dear to me." JAQUES.

SPECTACLE ISLAND, Feb. 8, 1836.

* Now Mrs. Barrett. † "Must fall like a bright exhalation in the evening."—*Wolsey*. [Boston Morning Post.

THE WOOD MANIA.—We have witnessed many kinds of madness in our time—we have seen audiences hissing Booth, and making Celeste speechify; but this was nothing in comparison with the Wood mania. Those highly talented singers, who have recently left us, have thrown a spell over our hitherto quiet fellow citizens, that has worked them up to a furor of excitement quite incompatible with their character—all classes rich and poor, grave and gay, are infected—they are all dreaming of the Somnambulist. Go where you will its music meets your ear—it is sung in the drawing-room and whistled in the streets—it is ever before you. Mr. Simpkins has taken the disorder; he is a worthy retailer of ribands, &c. &c. and has borne a most irreproachable character until the fatal night when Gubbins, his intimate friend, over a side drink persuaded him to see the opera—from that fatal moment every thing has gone wrong with him—the customers say he is deranged, and we witnessed an instance of absence of mind in the worthy store-keeper, that to a stranger would have confirmed the assertion.

A very pretty and interesting young lady entered his store, and after some little choosing and refusing said:

"I think these colors will mix together."
"*O don't mingle*," replied he.
"Please to let me have ——"
"*One human feeling.*"
"Sir!"
"I beg pardon madam, but *Still* ——"
"What?"
"*So gently o'er me stealing.*"
"Stealing!"
"I beg pardon, but the fact is '*I love thee still.*'"
"Sir, I never saw you before, in my life."
"*Ah! thou false one.*"
"Sir, this is impertinence."
"Excuse me madam, but '*mem'ry will bring back*'"—
"Your senses I trust," cried the indignant lady vanishing from the store.
Mrs. Simpkins, who knew his distemper, says it is the *Wood Mania*.
[Philadelphia Transcript.

LAW REPORT.—Dana *vs.* Kemble.—Our readers may remember that previous to the return of Mr. Charles Kemble from this country to Europe, an action was commenced against him by Mr. Dana (since dead) then manager of the Tremont theatre in Boston, to enforce the restitution of certain monies paid by Mr. Dana to Mr. Kemble for his services and those of his daughter, on the ground that in making his contract, Mr. Kemble had falsely represented to Mr. Dana the terms of his engagement in this city—Mr. Kemble alleging that he received half the gross receipts, whereas it appeared that he only received half of what remained after deducting the expenses. A verdict was given against Mr. Kemble, which his counsel moved to set aside. At the present term of the Supreme Court, this motion was granted, and a new trial ordered, on the ground, as we understand it, that the verdict was erroneous on any consideration but that of fraud, which was not raised or presented to the jury. The court intimated that there was sufficient evidence of fraud to go to the jury, and that if the jury had passed upon *that* question, the verdict would not have been disturbed. Commercial Adv.

In noticing the recent death of Mr. DUFFY, the Troy Budget remarks to the following effect:—

The company to which Mr. Duffy was attached, had within a short period fitted up a temporary theatre in this city, and had performed several evenings, with profit to themselves, and much to the satisfaction of the audience who attended. On Saturday evening, when the news of the death of Mr. Duffy was announced, the tragedy of Pizarro was going on, and the actors were so much affected that it was impossible to continue the performances. We understand that the scene behind the *scenes* was truly affecting—nearly all the members of the company were in tears. Mr. Green announced the peculiar situation of the company; and at his request, the audience unanimously consented that the performance should be suspended.

CELESTE'S SPEECH AT NEW-ORLEANS.—After playing two or three weeks, and drawing $15,000 out of the pockets of the people of New-Orleans, she was called out on her benefit night—bowed gracefully to the audience, put her small hand on her left breast, and said in her pretty French accent:—"Lady and gentleman, I am to you so vera mosh obliged, dat I no speak vat my heart do feel. I 'ave been dancing de good danse—you 'ave been paying de good money. I am de bes danseuse in dis worl—you de bes pay. I vill alvay remember you, while you remember me—and no longare. I 'ave poorshased a cottage on de cheek of de Baltimore,—vere I danse all de rest of my day at home—good bye. * * * I forgetta to say my natif countree have paid de money—so all de accounts are settled—Adieu." She left the stage amidst roars of applause. [Bennett's Morning Herald.

☞ The following address was delivered by Mr. Dinneford, at the Franklin Theatre, on the evening of the 6th inst., at the conclusion of his performance of *Don Feliz*, on the occasion of his benefit:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—Upon occasions like this, the mere expression of thanks is so common-place, that often times ere the breath which utters them, grows cold upon the lips, they flit into empty air, and are forgotten. So may it not be in the present instance—a higher and more enduring impulse governs my feelings; nor can I suffer the moment to pass away, without endeavoring, however feeble may be the effort, to convey to you, in some way, the deep and sincere gratitude I feel. The approving smile of a gratified auditory, is the stimulant of an actor's nightly exertion—it is the spirit which breathes life and being into his very existence.—So it is, Ladies and gentlemen, but in a more enlarged sense, with the manager. With him, who in catering for the public taste, contrives what others are to execute; and when his advertisements point out a specific promise on his part, a contract, at least a moral one, upon the instant is entered into between himself and his patrons, which *they* accept on credit, and he alone is responsible for its fulfilment; therefore, to *him* is the same smile a continued assurance that his acceptances at sight are duly honored, and all his drafts upon public favor substantially endorsed.

When first this little roof began to rear its head, expectation was busy with a thousand fears, predicting its early fate, and pre-dooming it to a short and ephemeral existence; yet, as the hopes of the many declined, mine own rose but the more buoyant, and *pointed* in flattering augery to a success, which, if not brilliant, was at least substantial. Shall I tell you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that these hopes were predicted upon its location? That was something, certainly. Shall I tell you, they were grounded upon the flattering promises of numerous *personal* friends. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, no. I rested them upon a sure basis—for I determined, if research could discover it, and industry secure it, to give its supporters that *within* the walls, which might compensate for any deficiency without; to make the *stage*, and not the building, the object of attraction. With these hopes, and this determination, I gave to the public my first announcement, and the Little Franklin began its career. I tendered what in my *estimation* was a substantial banquet, to those who would come and partake, and promised to its patrons such talent as should deserve their favor, and endure the ordeal of the most fastidious censor. Ladies and Gentlemen, the question I am about to ask, is almost needless; the loud plaudits, and the merry laugh which each night has rung through these walls might answer me; and yet, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must ask it—have I not kept my word? have I not redeemed my pledge?

Ladies and Gentlemen, your hearts are in your hands. Words are powerless to express my thanks, but I do thank you—thank you most sincerely.

I will not enter upon my views for the future, for of necessity, circumstance and contingency must govern every theatrical establishment. Only this, let me assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that if novelty is to be found, I will seek it out—if talent is to be procured, it shall be yours—nor shall the same enterprise, which at first won your favor, tire in its ceaseless endeavors to hold it to the last. For all your kindness past, for the present *brilliant* instance of your *personal* regard, accept my thanks; and, Ladies and Gentlemen, in taking leave, allow me to say, your approbation is my only aim—to secure it, my only endeavor—to realize it, the height of my ambition—and, to acknowledge it, my heart's dearest pride.

DINNEFORD is getting on famously at the "Little Franklin." Glad of it.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING TROTTING HORSES FOR 1835.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

NAMES.	COLOR.	OWNED OR ENTERED BY.	PUR. ST.	HAR. OR SAD.	DIST.	TIME.	BEATING THE UNDER-NAMED HORSES.	REMARKS.	COURSE.	DATE.
Andrew Jackson	b. h.	George Weaver	200 p.	Saddle	2	5:24—5:17	Lady Warrington, Daniel D. Tompkins	Said to be the best time ever made on this course	Hunting Park, Pa.	Oct. 27
Awful	b. g.	S. Neale	2000 m.	Saddle	1	2:46	Rail Road	Rail Road merely saved his distance the 1st heat, and was then drawn	Centreville, L. I.	May 5
Black Bird	b. g.	Edmund Jones	300 s.	Harness	1	2:55—2:55—2:54	Richard Third, Master Burke	Black Bird the favorite 3 to 2: he was a green horse, bred in Maine	Centreville, L. I.	June 5
Black Joke	bl. g.	Edmund Jones	400 m.	Harness	50	3h. 57m.	Against Time	Black Joke completed his match in a bad shower, nothing distressed	Providence, R. I.	July 31
Cato	br. g.	Messrs. Anderson	300 p.	Harness	3	8:22—8:32	Screwdriver, Confidence, Rolla	Rolla dr. after 1st heat—Confidence was placed 3 2; Screwdr, 2 3	Centreville, L. I.	April 28
Charlotte Temple	gr. m.	Messrs. Anderson	200 m.	Saddle	2	5:49—5:29	Sally Miller	Won with something in hand	Centreville, L. I.	April 29
Columbus	b. g.	P. Whelan	300 p.	Harness	3	8:24—8:21	Rolla, Calvin Edson	C. won 1st heat easily; but the 2d, R. kept him at work throughout	Centreville, L. I.	Sept. 31
Columbus	b. g.	P. Whelan	300 p.	Saddle	3		Rolla, Modesty	Modesty, being out of condition, did not start	Centreville, L. I.	May 5
Columbus	b. g.	P. Whelan	300 m.	Saddle	1	2:38	Against Time	Won in slap-up style, C. going at his ease	Centreville, L. I.	May 5
Dl. D. Tompkins	c. h.	Messrs. Anderson	200 p.	Saddle	2	5:18—5:20	Modesty, Fire King, Andrew Jackson	A very severe race, the four frequently making play abreast	Centreville, L. I.	Sept. 29
Dl. D. Tompkins	ch. h.	Messrs. Anderson	100 p.	Saddle	2		Locomotive, Crazy Jane	This course being short of a mile, the time is uniformly short	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Oct. 12
Dutchman	br. g.	P. Barker	3000 m.		2	5:32—5:36	Jerry	Winner the favorite 2 to 1: won without a struggle	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 9
Dutchman	br. g.	P. Barker	200 p.	Harness	2	5:26—5:31—5:51	Columbus, Confidence	Confidence drawn after 1st heat	Hunting Park, Pa.	Oct. 28
Dutchman	br. g.	P. Barker	2000 m.	Harness	2	5:29	Columbus	Columbus lost his breeching the 1st mile, and was stopped	Centreville, L. I.	Nov. 25
Edwin Forrest	b. h.	G. Cadwallader	6000 m.	Harness	1		Confidence paid forfeit.	The match was $4000 against $2000—forfeit, $500	Hunting Park, Pa.	Dec. 17
Fanny Pullen	b. m.	H. Jones	50 p.	Saddle	1	2:44-2:36-2:33.2:35-2:57	Crazy Jane, Snowball	Angeline and Nimrod were entered, but did not start	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Aug. 20
Fanny Pullen	b. m.	H. Jones	100 p.	Harness	2	5:52	Low head, Black Bird, Mary Forest, Goldfinder	F. P. pronounced distanced for bringing short weight to the scales	Centreville, L. I.	Sept. 29
Fanny Pullen	b. m.	H. Jones	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:33—2:37—2:40	Crazy Jane, Fire King	Won in five heats—first two by Fire King	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Oct. 14
Fanny Pullen	b. m.	Wm. Higham	200 p.	Harness	2	5:35—5:32	Columbus, Calvin Edson, Lady Warrington	Fanny favorite 20 to 12	Centreville, L. I.	Nov. 26
Fire King	g. g.	H. Wheeler	500 m.	Saddle	1	2:43—2:41—2:39	Modesty	Fire King's 1st match	Centreville, L. I.	Aug. 3
Gipsey	ch. m.	J. Coster	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:36—2:36—2:38—2:42	Locomotive, Lady Warrington	Gipsey lost the first heat from her rider's losing a stirrup	Centreville, L. I.	Nov. 6
Jaffier		Joel Conklin	200 p.	Saddle	2		Swits Logical		Centreville, L. I.	May 19
Jean Baptiste	b. g.	Dr. Caldwell	£100 m.	Harness	1		Bl. G., from the Niagara Frontier	Jean B. was "a singed cat"	St. Foy Road, L. C.	Aug. 24
Jerry	br. g.	G. Wilson	200 s.	Saddle	2	5:22	Modesty, Gipsey	Gipsey fell 1st heat—Modesty drawn	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Dec. 7
Jerry	br. g.	G. Wilson	2000 m.	Harness	2		Grasshopper	Well contested	Centreville, L. I.	May 12
Lady Randolph	b. m.	R. Lowrie	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:51—2:46—2:50	Jaffier, Whelan	Whelan drawn after 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	April 28
Lady Warrington		A. Conklin	200 p.	Saddle	1	2:41—2:40	Fanny Pullen, Daniel D. Tompkins [Water Witch	Fanny and Tompkins distanced for dismounting before weighing	Hunting Park, Pa.	Oct. 28
Locomotive	s. g.	P. Whelan	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:45—2:46—2:44—2:43	Jack of Spades, Pale Face, Jack Scott, Cock Robin,	Cock Robin and Water Witch distanced 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	Sept. 31
Lowhead	gr. g.	Mr. Waters	100 p.	Harness	2	5:52	Fanny Pullen, Black Bird, Mary Forest, Gold-	L. declared winner—see report of Fanny Pullen, Centrev. Oct. 29	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 29
Modesty	gr. m.	R. F. Carman	200 p.	Saddle	2	5:25—5:19—5:21	Fanny Pullen, Andrew Jackson [finder	Jackson favorite at starting	Centreville, L. I.	Sept. 30
Modesty	gr. m.	R. F. Carman	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:37—2:38—2:40	Crazy Jane, Nimrod, Jaffier	Nimrod and Jaffier distanced	Centreville, L. I.	April 29
Modesty	gr. m.	R. F. Carman	200 p.		2		Columbus, Crazy Jane	J. Conklin jockied Modesty in tip-top-style	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	May 26
Modesty	gr. m.	R. F. Carman	300 m.	Saddle	2		Eastern Poney—paid forfeit	The match made agst. any other than E. For., and taken by Mod.	Centreville, L. I.	June 8
Mount Holly	gr. g.	J. Hamell	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:54-2:51-2:53-2:52-2:57	Apology, Crazy Jane	A very spirited affair	Hunting Park, Pa.	Dec. 17
Mouse		Mr. Squire	30 p.	Harness	1		Five others, not named	This trot came off on the ice—the winner is Yankee-bred	Montreal, L. C.	March 9
Mouse		Mr. Squire	250 m.	Harness	1	2:47—2:48	Mr. Dumais' ch. h.	Trotted on the ice—Dumais' h. threw a hind shoe	Montreal, L. C.	March 11
Oneida Chief	g.	Mr. Capin	50 p.	Saddle	1	2:34—2:33—2:31—0:00	Prospect, Indian	Indian distanced 1st heat	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Oct. 13
Paul Jones	g.	Mr. Davis	50 p.	Saddle	1	2:46—2:48—2:46	Milk Maid, Sally Adams	The 1st, a dead heat between Paul Jones and Sally Adams	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Oct. 12
Pilot		A. O. Spencer	Cup	Saddle	1	3:04—2:49	Flying Kate, Angeline, Richard III.	The Cup was given by Mr. Duffy, of the Albany Theatre	Troy Road, N. Y.	Nov. 21
Post Boy		D. Flynn	50 p.	Saddle	1		Beppo	Both green horses	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Oct. 13
Rail Road	b. g.	E. Minturn	300 p.	Harness	5 out		Crazy Jane	Crazy Jane out of condition	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	May 25
Rail Road	b. g.	E. Minturn	500 m.	Harness	3		Rolla	Neck and neck contest	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	June 5
Rattler	g.	G. Woodruff	500 m.	Saddle	2	5:38—5:41—5:39	Richard III.	Richard Third won 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	Aug. 3
Robert Watson	g.	Mr. Goodrich	100 p.	Saddle	1		Sally Duffy, Richard III.	Robert and Sally, green horses	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	May 25
Rolla	gr. g.	Henry Ressler	500 m.	Harness	3	8:13—8:05—8:07	Columbus	Columbus the favorite 10 to 6, and little done at that	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	May 28
Robert Murphy	gr. h.	George Crosby		Bare-back	1	2:40		"Bob Murphy" is an Albany horse, and the crack nag at home	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	June 29
Tilt Hammer	ch. g.	Mr. M'Donnell	300	Saddle	4		Peggy Nicholson, Veto	Veto was drawn the 2d, and Peggy distanced the last heat*	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Sept. 3
Top Sawyer	h.	D. L. Farnum	100 p.	Saddle	1	2:31 ——	Brock, Indian, Cracker Boy, Prospect	Winner distanced the Field 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 13
Trenton	b. g.	Mr. Hammitt	100 p.	Saddle	1	3:00—3:07—3:07	Hannah Miller, Sally Fish	The sand was fetlock deep	Cranbury, N. J.	Sept. 1
Van Buren	g.	C. Bartine	100 p.	Saddle	1		Uncle Sam, Defiance, Ram Cat	Defiance distanced for foul riding	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	May 26
Yankee Sall	ro. m.	J. Barker	100 m.	Saddle	15¼	48:43	Against Time	Course heavy—fetlock deep. Yankee Sall is from Bangor, Maine	Providence, R. I.	March 28
——	b. g. } b. g. }	D. J. Coster	100 s	Harness	2	7:08—7:10—7:07—7:11	Bay Mares, } Brown Geldings, } Grey Geldings }	Double teams in wagons—course covered with snow and ice	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Dec. 7
——	h.	Mr. Lewis	70 s.	Saddle	2	6:04—6:10—6:11	Six horses, not named	This was the Annual Club Meeting—ridden by owners & memb.	Hoboken, N. J.	Dec. 22
——	b. p.		1000 s.	Harness	3	9:45—9:39—9:44	Three teams	Double teams—owned and drove by private gentlemen.	HarlaemPark,N.Y.	Feb. 9
——	ch. h.	Louis Dumais	35 p.	Harness	1	2:53—2:59	Seven others, not named	Trotted on the ice of the river St. Lawrence	Montreal, L. C.	Feb. 9
——	b. h.	Louis Dumais	36 p.	Harness	2	5:58—5:28	Two others, not named	On the ice—purse presented by the Canadian Farmers	Montreal, L. C.	Feb. 9
——	gr. h.	Celestin Lapierre	20 p.	Harness	1	2:48—2:48	Eight others, not named	Driven by the owners—gentlemen of Montreal—on the ice	Montreal, L. C.	Feb. 10
——	gr. h.	Celestin Lapierre	200 m.	Harness	1	2:45—2:44	Mr. Dansereau's Pacer	A neck-and-neck race from "the go" to "the finish"	Montreal, L. C.	March 12
——	b. g.	Edmund Jones	400 m.	Saddle	15	55m.	A Racker	Belonged to a well-known stable of good 'uns in Providence	Seekonk, Mass.	April 22
——	gr. g.	Mr. ——	— m.		50	3h. 40m.	A Grey Roadster	Particulars not given, as the match was private	Hunting Park, Pa.	May
——	b. m.	Thomas Simmons	100 p.	Saddle	1		Mr. Branton's noted Sorrel Horse	The purse was taken in 4 heats, in style	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Sept. 12
——	p.	W. D——	300 m.	Harness	90	15h.	Against Time—16 hours	The pony won with ease—he is a performer, and no mistake	Columbus, Ohio	Oct. 20

Sporting Miscellanies.

EUPHRATES, BY QUIZ.

ORIGINAL.

Mr. Editor,—In your last paper you shew we had some other crack nags among us from England, besides three Leger and two Derby winners; to which might have been added Tranby, Emancipation, Consol, Merman, and perhaps some other "good ones." Of horses that could beat, and on equal terms, such doughty champions as Euphrates, Bruttandorf, Dr. Faustus, Signorina, &c., no higher praise need be given.

Euphrates, Mr. Mytton's renowned gelding, "of the old sort," running with unimpaired powers, in his 13th year, of unsurpassed stoutness and durability, met, in his old age, the imported horses Autocrat, Luzborough, Leviathan, and Fyde, when conquered by them. This notice of him begins with his 9th year. He was got by *imported* Buzzard's Son, Quiz, out of Persepolis, by Alexander, son of Eclipse. It has been said he won from 30 to 40 prizes, and literally loaded his owner's sideboard with cups.

1825.—At 9 yrs. old, he "won the Gold Cups at Newton, Worcester, Lichfield, Wolverhamps, and Oswestry," and £50 ..... 6 prizes.
1826.—At 10 do. he won *again* the Gold Cups at Lichfield and Oswestry, £70 at Chester and £50 at Oswestry 5 do.
1827.—At 11 do. he won *again* the Gold Cup at Oswestry and £50 there, and the King's Plate, Lichfield ... 3 do.
1828.—At 12 do. he won the Cups at Ludlow, Worcester, Wrexham, and *again* at Oswestry, and the King's Plate at Chester ..... 5 do.
1829.—At 13 do. he won the Gold Cups at Ludlow and Wolverhampton, and the King's Plate at Lichfield .. 3 do.

After he was 9 years old, he won ..... 22 prizes.

As your limits will scarce allow a full detail of his brilliant exploits, this notice shall be confined to dates *after he was 9 years old*, marking those of most note, where he met horses imported to this country.

1825.
June 1. Won the Newton Gold Cup, 3 miles, weight for age, 11 subs., beating Young Corrector, General Mina, and others.
July 20. *At Cheltenham, at 9 st. 5 lb., was beat by Claude Lorraine, 5 yrs. old, at 8 st. 12 lb. He nor Luzborough were placed. 5 to 1 against Euphrates; 10 to 5 against the winner.
Aug. 4. Won the Worcester Gold Cup, 4 miles, weight for age, 13 subs., beating Haji Baba and others.
Aug. 16. *Won the Darlington Gold Cup, 3 miles, weight for age, 13 subs., *beating imp. Barefoot*, General Mina, and Sir Gray;—3 five year olds at 8 st. 10 lb. each to 9 st. (This race is not *fully* stated in Barefoot's memoir.)
Sept. 6. At Warwick, at 9 st. 3 lb., ran 3rd to Triumph and Claude Lorraine, beating Sir Gray and another, stakes 20 sov. each. 2 miles.
13. Won the Lichfield Gold Cup, 3 miles, weight for age, 20 subs., beating among others the renowned Wings 3 year old.
27. Won the Oswestry Gold Cup, 3½ miles, 11 subs.
28. Won the Town Plate, £50, 3¼ mile heats.
Oct. 20. At Hollywell, weight for age, was beat in a stake, 10 sovs. each, two miles, by Sir Gray.—"Euphrates the favorite."

1826.
May 2. Won the King's Plate at Chester, 200 gs., 3 miles, beating Mr. Munn, Randal, and others.—"Euphrates the favorite."
4. Won £70 Plate, at Chester, 3 miles.
June 14. At Newton was beat, running for the Gold Cup, 3 miles, by Longwaist, 5 yrs. old, *also* at 8 st. 11 lb., and by Signorina, 4 yrs., at 8 st. Others not placed.
16. *Was beat in a sweepstake for all ages, at 9 st., 2 mile heats, by imp. Autocrat at 8 st., winner in 3 heats, beating also Grenadier, Sir Roger, and Alecto. (Autocrat had won the preceding day, 2 mile heats, beating Randal, Predictor, and others, and been beat the same day, a mile race, by Dr. Faustus and Longwaist.)
July 5. At Ludlow, in a mile run, a stake 10 gs. each, 7 subs., was beat.
25. For the Gold Cup at Knuttsford, 3 miles, was beat by Mr. Mann and Hybla.
Sept. 12. Won the Lichfield Gold Cup, weight for age, 3 miles, beating *Longwaist* and Cain.
20. For the Shrewsbury Gold Cup, 3 miles, at 8 st. 10 lb., was beat by Dr. Faustus, 4 yrs. old, at 7 st. 12 lb.
26. Won the Oswestry Gold Cup, 10 subs. 3¼ miles.
Oct. 4. At Wrexham was beat in 2 mile heats by Sceptic.

1827.
July 18. For the Preston Gold Cup, 3 miles and a distance, ran 3rd to Fleur de Lis and Signorina, the two best mares then in England, *both* having beat Memnon.
Aug. 14. For the Darlington Gold Cup, 3 miles, 11 subs., ran 3rd to Euxton and imp. Leviathan, at 8 st. 2 lb. and 8 st. 5 lb., to his 8 st. 11 lb.
21. For the Gold Cup at Worcester ran 2nd to Mayfly, 4 yrs. old, 4 miles.
Sept. 11. Won the King's Plate at Lichfield, 4 mile heats, and 12 st., beating Miller of Mansfield, Alecto, and another.
26. Won the Town Plate at Oswestry, heats 3¼ miles, beating *Mayfly* and others.
Oct. 2. For the Gold Cup at Wrexham, 4 miles, ran 2nd to Signorina, beating Predictor, Mayfly, Euxton, Granby, and another.
16. For the Hollywell Gold Cup, 3 miles, ran 2nd to Orthodox; 5 to 4 on Euphrates.

1828.
May 6. Won at Chester the King's Plate, 100 gs., 3 miles, beating Scarborough and Harriet.
9. *For the Cheshire Stakes, two miles, was beat.—Sampson the winner; imp. Fylde, 2nd, at 8 st.; Euphrates, 8 st. 9 lb.—"2 to 1 on Fylde."
June 19. For the Cheltenham Gold Cup, 3 miles, ran 2nd to imp. Luzborough, both aged, 9 st. 4 lb.—"7 to 4 on Luzborough."
July 3. Won the Ludlow Gold Cup, 3 miles, 12 subs., beating Alceston and Hesperus.
29. Won the Worcester Gold Cup, beating Trumpator and Arachne. "Even betting on Trumpator."
Aug. 12. For the Darlington Gold Cup, 3¼ m., was beat by Euxton and Sampson.
Sept. 3. *For the Warwick Gold Cup, 4 miles, when the favorite, ran 3rd to Pelican, 4 year old, and Luzborough.
17. For the Shrewsbury Gold Cup, 3 miles, ran 2nd to Tatler.
Oct. 2. Won the Wrexham Gold Cup, 4 miles, beating Euxton, Sampson, and Predictor. As winners of cups the three former carried 5 lb. extra.

1829.
July 2. Won the Ludlow Gold Cup, twice round, beating Sampson and Melody.
Aug. 11. Won the Darlington Gold Cup, 3¼ miles, beating Euxton and Mufti. "Odds on Euxton."
Sept. 8. Won the King's Plate, 100 gs., 12 *st. each*, 4 mile heats, beating Alderman, also aged.—"4 to 1 on Euphrates."

The races lost by Euphrates this year, in which he ran with credit, are not recorded.

Of Dr. Faustus, Signorina, Bruttandorf, &c., a further detail may be furnished hereafter. They were beat by Autocrat and Leviathan.

Dr. Faustus, Sir T. Stanley's, one of the best sons of Filho, 1826, at 3 years old won 5 prizes, at Chester, Warwick, Lichfield, &c.; at 4 years old, won 3 prizes, including a Gold Cup; at 5 years old, won 4 prizes, the Stand Cup at Chester and another; at 6 years old, won 2 prizes, the Chester and Peover Stakes; at 7 years old, won a Gold Cup, and 2 stakes; and at 8 and 9 years old, he won 2 stakes each year.—21 prizes, beating the very best horses of his day, Lottery, Longwaist, Bruttandorf, Autocrat, Leviathan, &c., &c., good at any distance.

Signorina, Sir W. Wynn's, by Champion (son of Selim), 1825, at 3 years old, won 6 prizes; at 4 years, 9 prizes, 3 of which gold cups, at Manchester, Wrexham, &c.; and at 5, 3 prizes, the cups at Liverpool and Wrexham,—18 prizes, beating on equal terms Memnon, Bruttandorf, and the best horses.

Bruttandorf, Mr. Clifton's, by Blacklock, out of Lottery's dam, 1826, at 5 yrs. old, he performed greatly, winning the Tradesmen's and Stand Cups at Chester, and the Mostyn Stakes at Holywell, beating Longwaist, Autocrat, Dr. Faustus, Signorina, Flexible, Urganda, Arachne, Gen. Mina, Haji Baba, Miller of Mansfield, Whittington, Euxton, Paul Pry, Cain, Orthodox, &c. Bruttandorf was beat only by Lottery (best horse of the day), Autocrat, Signorina, Dr. Faustus, Horismart, and Leviathan. Bruttandorf, usually the favorite, never received weight.

See American Turf Register. Memoirs of Leviathan, Luzborough, Fylde, Barefoot, and Autocrat.

March 10, 1836. A SUBSCRIBER.

* Races in which Euphrates ran against horses that have been imported into the United States.

A Terrible Recontre, and Death.—A colored man living in Liberty Valley, Perry county, met with an untimely and fearful death, one day last week. Our informant states that he had been employed during the day by some of his neighbors butchering, and was returning home in the evening as it is presumed, with a portion of the day's spoils, given him by his employers, which attracted a gang of wolves that infested his path. They attacked the poor fellow, and literally tore him into piecemeals. His remains were found the next day, surrounded by some of the evidences of the desperation with which he ended his life. The only weapon to defend himself with was an ordinary knife he had been using at his work, and there lay around his mutilated body five of these ferocious animals, gashed in every imaginable manner. It is supposed there must have been a dozen or more in the gang, from the sight which the scene of this unhappy occurrence presented. Juniata Ohio Journal.

A Queer Law Suit.—The following heading of a cause in the Admiralty Court startled the family party in Stratton-street, we hear, "pretty considerably"—"The King against 49 Casks of Brandy." The Duchess declared that a tithe of that amount of brandy would floor any Monarch this side of the wall of China; and she doubted indeed, whether the powers of suction possessed by the Grand Lama were capable of standing proof against such a spirited antagonist. It certainly does appear long odds against royalty, when forty-nine casks of brandy are specified. [The Age.

A Speaking Pony.—One day lately, while Sibbald, the ventriloquist, was travelling between Ecclefechan and Waterbeck, a boy made up to him, mounted on a pony, with whom he entered into conversation. "That's a bonny pony of your's," said the ventriloquist, "and I'll warrant it's a good one, though it's may be getting gey auld." "Auld," said the other, "what mak's you think that—it's only rising five—the best age to sell at, and none the warst to buy." "Ae what a lie!" ejaculated a most unearthly sound, "ame eight year auld, ye little scoundrel, an' ye ken that as well asme." The astonished boy looked carefully around, under the impression that some acquaintance inside of the fields, by way of a joke, had been volunteering a speech on behalf of the pony. But he discovered no one, although he kept a sharp look out by rising from the saddle, and stretching his neck in all directions. This fact perplexed him more than ever, and at length, from whatever feeling, he struck the beast across the neck, and, with heel and hand, urged it into a canter, if not a gallop. But again there was a voice louder than before—"Ye nasty, dirty rascal, if ye do that again I'll funk ye off my back, and tramp out y'er brains." This was speech the second, and the dumfounded rider awaited not the effect of a third. On the contrary, he instantly leaped from the pony's back, left it by the way side, and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. His friends marked his agitation, and eagerly inquired what had happened. "Happened," said the boy, as well as he could articulate—"the pony's yoked the speaking like Baalam's ass, and threatened to kill me if I ever laid a switch on his neck again. An' it said far mair, and will soon preach if it gangs on at the rate it's just begun." As this was strange news, the incredulous auditors could only smile: still the boy's agitation convinced them that in some way he had got a terrible fright; and it was not until Mr. Sibbald pressed forword, and spread the news, that they succeeded in calming the apprehensions of the runaway, and reconciled him to the idea of ever mounting the pony again. [London Sportsman.

The noted grey horse, the property of Mr. John Fenton, of Great Whelnetham hall, Suffolk, died on Tuesday the 19th inst., having numbered 30 winters. This celebrated horse, in 1818, trotted a mile on the Sudbury turnpike road in 2 minutes and 54 seconds. The match was against time, and the distance was to have been accomplished in 3 minutes, but the horse did it with great ease in the time above specified. This noble animal was well known in most parts of Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, from the circumstance of his having, in his various peregrinations with his master, carried him at least, four times the circumference of the globe.

How to kill the d——l. In Sept. 1822, a young lad, aged 13 years, in Westerly, (R. I.) one day while going to pasture after the cows, had occasion to pass through a wood, where he discovered on a tree, at some distance from the ground, a large and furious animal. The boy ran home and told his parents that he had seen the devil. His father promised his son a quarter of a dollars if he would kill him. The boy took his father's gun, charged it well and repaired with all haste to the woods, where he found the aforesaid animal. Having planted a stake almost directly under him, to rest his gun upon, he fired, and down fell a panther, weighing one hundred and forty pounds, (!) which he quickly despatched. [Albany Daily Transcript.

The St. Leger for 1836.—We have not yet had time to look at all the bearings of the entry for the Doncaster St. Leger; though we are glad to see the victory of the Queen of Trumps has drawn forth an increased number of subscribers. It is not enough, however, to subscribe. Noblemen and gentlemen must do something more—they must exert themselves to have their horses brought *honestly* to the post, and with as little bye-play as possible. Such conduct can alone restore the turf to what it once was. From a cursory glance at the nominations, we see enough to satisfy us a certain public stable have got a sufficient number of horses to come the old "plant" upon the public, if they don't keep a sharp look out. No parties understand better how to get a horse upon favorite, and keep the secret of their having a better in the stable till the "eleventh hour." However, we hope to see them as well paid out this year as they were last, notwithstanding all their deep-laid schemes. Their good cards went all for nothing. When *Trumps* were led, they could not follow suit.

The *Stockwell puff* of last week cost us a distortion of our risible faculties. At first, we felt disposed to book it as the ill-judged production of a friend of the old gemman—whom we could name—though we'll back him to be a better judge of an oss than a getter up of a penny-a-line puff; but we soon saw we were in error when we recognised some of Peter Corcoran's slang, imported from the Alley, and his old haunt, the Fives' Court, and saw *Vates* at the foot of the puff. Besides, no such piece of Warren's blacking could proceed from the pen of a judicious friend. On inquiry, we find Peter happened to say to his chum one day, "By the Lord Harry's son, blow me tight, but I must have a pigeon to pluck, as my pockets are exquisitely ill-lined." "I have it," says Vates: "let's buss it to Stockwell, get the name of the cattle, work up a puff, and so pave the way for melting a bit of stiff!" Peter chuckled with his ugly mug, but had his doubts if the old 'un would be so easily done. However, as the bait might take with the young cove, perhaps they might catch him in the trap, and *fleece* him: so up and at them was the cry, and a pretty consarn they've made of it. We'll [illegible] odds the trick is too miserably palpable not to be seen through. [London [illegible].

A correspondent at Mobile writes us that Mr. Jewett, who has recently opened a training stable in that city, has already in training a good one from New Jersey, (Fanny Kemble) a Leviathan colt and a Wild Bill filly.

The English Turf.

A GLANCE AT THE RACING SEASON OF 1835.

The racing season for 1835 has been one of the most brilliant, and, taken altogether, one of the most satisfactory, that has occurred for some years; and, I think, a cursory review of some of the principal races may be interesting, not only as regards *the past*, but also with respect to the great engagements of the present year. As to the latter, and looking back to the events of the last two or three years, it will not do to speak with much confidence, as the two year-old winners, since Matikin's and Memnon's year, have by no means come up to the expectation which their previous performances excited. As, however, racing produces *betting*, and with most sporting men (except the *most systematic legs*) the performances of two year-olds must always have some degree of influence in their speculations, a few random conjectures, thrown in here and there, may not be out of place in the pages of the New Sporting Magazine.

The Catterick meeting, as it falls first in the order of engagements for the season, was the first to attract the attention of the sporting world. For the last few years, it had been gradually on the decline; but by the exertions of the Club lately formed there, affairs assumed a much more promising aspect, and it seems likely (if we may judge from the entry of this year) to regain all its former celebrity. At the meeting of last year, the appearance of Saint Giles, with the recollections of his former glories, and the fact of his being amongst Scott's formidable team, caused a considerable *sensation*; and although he had to contend with nags by no means so celebrated as Margrave, Beiram, &c., he did not win his race (the Craven) without a "considerable taste" of the spur, and then with little enough to spare. This made his chance for the Goodwood Cup look only moderate, as he was certain to have different competitors to encounter there. Mr. Peirse's filly, by Waverley, beat Mr. Dawson's Fair Jane, by Jerry, who was stated to be amiss, and who afterwards defeated the Waverley filly at Liverpool. The stock of Jerry and Waverley have shown themselves to greater advantage this year than they have ever done before. The manner in which Plenipo tailed off some of the best horses of the present day at the Newmarket Craven, including Glaucus, shows that there must have been *some* mistake as to the Leger; but whether he ought to have carried away that prize, or only have been in a more forward place, seems to be a matter on which the opinions of north and south country sportsmen a good deal vary. Ibrahim's and Ascot's performances at this meeting, although both running with indifferent horses, brought them both into the market at short odds; and Preserve's winning the 1000 gs. Stakes, at the same meeting, coupled with her successful performances as a two year old, made her first favourite for the Oaks, on the 25th of May.

The Tradesman's Cup at Chester, which falling early, and from the character of the horses which are generally sent there, usually affords a good deal of speculation amongst the Manchester turfites (who are pretty formidable, both in numbers, in spirit, in money, and, I may add, in *'cuteness*), and was the first of those "good things" for which that excellent supporter of the Turf, Mr. Mostyn, has been "let in." Birdlime was the winner, beating, amongst others, Red Rover and Ratcatcher, giving the former 6lb. and the latter 1lb., and throwing away her year. Another of Mr. Mostyn's mares, Usury, by Banker, beat Verbena, who had run well in her two year old form. This augured well for the Queen of Trumps. At the Liverpool Craven Meeting a good deal of interest was excited in the race for the Tradesman's Cup, in which General Chasse met, and defeated, his former conqueror, Touchstone; but the result of the Doncaster Cup shows that the latter could not have been up to the mark. Jupiter's beating Usury at this meeting, brought him into great favour for the Leger here, in the July meeting, and into some notice for that at Doncaster. One of the most extraordinary occurrences, which are usually termed "mistakes," took place in the race for the Stand Cup, where the horses went in a trot to near the distance, when Catharina started at score, and beat the victorious General in a way his worthy master little calculated upon. Ainderby, from the way in which he beat a respectable field for the York Derby, at the Spring Meeting, gave strong indications of being, what he afterwards proved himself to be, a very superior race-horse. There can be little doubt that he would have been third for the Leger if he had started; and if the bull-dog had been let off *then*, there is no saying but he *might* have been the winner of the St. Leger for 1835. For the Oaks, Promise, who seems likely to prove a considerable favourite for the Oaks at Epsom, had nothing to contend with, except Locomotive, who, however, had only taken two sweats previously, and was quite unfit to start. Brother to Hope first came into notice by winning the Colt Sapling Stakes.

The Epsom Derby, like most of the other "good things" of this year, found its way into the North. Mr. Bowes had been on the Turf for two or three years, without having obtained any greater encouragement in the lottery of Turf prizes, than winning a £50 Maiden Plate. It would have been strange indeed if the produce of such mares as Gibside Fairy, Emma, &c. did not do something better than this; and accordingly I was glad to find his perseverance rewarded by the very pretty pickings which have fallen to him this last season;—it was not unlike Lord Brougham's flight to the woolsack. If Ascot, however, had been a lengthy horse, the result might have been otherwise. The Queen of Trumps won the Oaks in such splendid style, that, if *that* had been the only race she had ever run, it would have placed her amongst the best horses on the Turf; but coupled with her subsequent performances, it may safely be asserted, that they have never been surpassed; it may be questioned if they have ever been equalled. There have been few better mares than Preserve; her running for the Goodwood Stakes was a very creditable performance. The Black Diamond won the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle, in such a very superior manner, beating a good field, and, "by mistake," amongst others, Bee's Wing, as to have attracted much attention in his engagements for this year. He is a short, powerful colt, very well put together. Hornsea tailed off seven nags, of rather mediocre pretensions, for the Leger here, so decisively as to bring him into favour for the Doncaster St. Leger, which his future running fully justified. He received, however, a thorough drubbing from Muley Moloch, the next day, for the Cup, the old horse actually trotting past the winning post. Hornsea treated his "followers," I could not correctly call them his antagonists, in the same contemptuous manner, in the Heaton Park Leger, and there were some good horses in the race,—amongst others, Pelops, who ran well up for the Derby at Epsom. There can be no question that Muley Moloch's running here (the only place where he was well this year) makes him the best horse of his day.

Much interest was exeited for the Ascot Cup, in which Plenipo.—over whose career there always appeared to hang as much mystery as misfortune—was to meet his old comrades, Glencoe and Shillelah; but he was drawn in a very unsatisfactory way—Glencoe won easily. Ascot was here beaten by Ibrahim; but as it was a particularly near thing, and only for a mile, it can hardly be classed amongst the "mistakes" of the year, of which, luckily, there were very few, and those by no means of serious magnitude. If it had not been for an unavoidable accident, Preserve would unquestionably have been the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, in which she beat Dacre and Louisa, giving away her year to them, all but 2lbs. which, considering the distance, proved her a trump, although not the Queen of Trumps. Rockingham reversed the result of the last year's race for the Goodwood Cup, and beat Glaucus, who won it the previous year; but from the latter's carrying 7lb. extra, and having run a very severe race the day before, his defeat is not to be wondered at. *Non omnes omnia possumus* applies to horses as well as to heroes. The greatest "mistake" of the year occurred in the race for the King's Hundred, where Rockingham was passed by Lucifer, whilst the former was pulled up into a trot. The Liverpool Cup, which, after Goodwood, is the most valuable of any in the kingdom, being worth £985, was one of the last of those splendid prizes which General Chasse won for his truly sporting master. It was, however, not won in a manner which would justify the sanguine expectations of his party for the Doncaster Cup. They state that he will not leave his horses; but may not this arise from their being too nearly matched? With some horses he would make matters "pretty intelligible," I fancy. Jupiter was only a middling third, for the Cup; a very different performance from that of Preserve, for the Goodwood Stakes, with much heavier weight on her back, half a mile further, and different horses to contend with.

Major Yarburgh's St. Lawrence, a fine slapping colt, by St. Nicholas (who has got some very promising stock), and Lord Wilton's Bequest filly, both won their races at the York August Meeting in a way to make them favourites for their engagements in the great stakes of this year. The latter, by winning cleverly the Claret Stakes at Heaton Park, beating Whaley and five others, rose still higher into favour, and is now first favourite for the Oaks. She is a particularly fine mare. At the Burton on Trent, and Warwick meetings, The Mummy defeated good fields, and at the latter place a large powerful colt by Mulatto, in a very masterly manner. He is now first favourite for the Derby. The Champagne Stakes were carried off by the fortunate owner of Bee's-wing; who has such luck on the Turf as has hardly ever been equalled except in the instance of his much respected predecessor and neighbour, Mr. Riddell.—Mr. Orde made a good bargain when he bought the dam of Bee's-wing at Riddell's sale for 22 gs., she having already produced him Tomboy, Dancing-master, Lilly of the Valley, &c.; and likely to produce many more, I trust equally good. When it is recollected, that Bee's-wing met St. Lawrence and Fair Jane, who had both won their races in a very superior manner, and had it "all their own way" with them, and again at Richmond beat, with the most perfect ease, Mr. Smith's Florentia (who won four races last year, in a very clever style), it makes her look formidable for the Leger. At all events, if the conditions of the Plate given by the subscribers to the Bachelor's ball at Newcastle, are altered in the way you very properly suggest, I trust her spirited owner will enter her for that stake. He would be *almost* sure to win, and if he did, *quite* sure to be claimed. The first favourite, for the first time since Memnon's year, won the Leger, and did what has only been done twice before (by Champion and Eleanor, and what is remarkable, in two succeeding years, 1800 and 1801), namely, win two of the three great stakes of the year.

The way in which Velocipede's stock run last year, proves him to be the best stallion that has been known on the turf for years. When has there been three such nags as Hornsea, The Queen, and Ainderby (all his stock), at a Doncaster meeting before? It is worthy of notice that the horses got off without one false start. Your clever correspondent "G. W." must at all events allow *that* to be one advantage of public training; for if most of the Leger horses had been in the hands of *Field*-trainers it may be doubted whether they would have got off so well. Locomotive won the two year old stakes so cleverly, beating, amongst others, Lord Wilton's Bequest filly, as to be a good deal fancied for the next Leger. The result of the race for the Doncaster Cup showed that the Leger of 1834 was not altogether incorrect, Touchstone, The General, and Shillelah, keeping their former places with the utmost accuracy. Hornsea however proved a much more dangerous competitor than Bran, and supplied the vacuum which the latter's exit from the North had made, in a very satisfactory manner, for it was one of the nearest things that has ever been known. The pace, the distance, the horses he met, and the severe race he had run for the Leger, all tended to prove great superiority in Hornsea. Up to the last day, every thing had gone off to admiration at Doncaster, but on this day a trifling "accident" occurred, not particularly pleasant to those knowing ones who had bet their 10 to 1 on the Queen, who was looking like a winner near the stand, where a bull dog flew at her, and Ainderby just contrived to pass her by less than half a length.

Touchstone met with a defeat at the Hollywell meeting; Mr. Mostyn had (even for him) the extraordinary luck to beat him with Usury. The mare won by less than a head, and Lord Westminster's party gave it out that Touchstone was not right. The Queen walked over for two races, and Mr. Mostyn made here a very agreeable finale to his racing campaign of the season, winning and walking over five times. Marmalade, a sister to Preserve, won her race at the Newmarket Second October meeting very cleverly, beating some promising young ones, which, connected with the very successful running of Preserve last year, brought her into great favour for the Oaks. Mr. Greville was so elated by his success as to start her the same day for the Clearwell, where she was beaten by Elis, brother to Stockport, but only by a length. She was again defeated on the Friday, as also Elis, by a colt of the Duke of Grafton's called Alumnus.—Elis, however, amply regained his "lost honours" at the Houghton meeting, by winning the Criterion in very gallant style.

I must reserve a few additional remarks which I had intended to make, to a future opportunity, as I have already taken up too much of your valuable space.

Your obedient Servant, L. Y. [London New Sporting Magazine for February.

PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

CHAP. I.—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"THE QUEEN OF TRUMPS!
Now, had I all the riches of Peru,
On such a nag I'd never stand a *sous*—
Look at her stumps—
Shambling along as if her legs were tied!
Legs! they a'nt legs—
They're pegs,
And officer-toed beside!....
In go her knees, out go her toes:
Can any man on earth suppose
The Oaks are to be won with shanks like those?"

"I care not for your chaff—
Laugh;
Banter your fill,
I heed not though you jeer,
And sneer.
Turn up your nose an' welcome, if you will;
I'll stand as I have laid, nor hedge a *sous:*
I know Her Majesty will pull me through.
Upon the field am I, for good or ill,
Fix'd as the Monument on Fish-street hill."

Thus upon Epsom Downs conversed two folks
Last June, what time they saddled for the Oaks:—
Nor need we tell their tale—all are aware
The race turn'd up in favor of the mare—
That is, the mare we treat of. Well, 'tis run,
And Trumps has won.

Behold the Monday that succeeds the race:
Scene—the extremity of Grosvenor Place.
In merry groups there stood "The Trumps;"
While, cursing Fortune frail and fickle,
All the Preserves were in a pickle,
And in the dumps.
Now our two orators had also got
Together at this spot;
But very diff'rent their looks I wot:
(Still our affair is not with their appearance)....
When thus the loser (it might be to gloss over
His chagrin, or that he *was* a philosopher!)
Began—"Well, it will be all one a year hence....
But tell me, how the devil *could* it suit
Your book to back the bandy-spindled brute?"
To whom replied the winner, with a grin,
(For they *will* laugh that win,)
"Since you must know—I back'd the bandy steed,
Because a friend in-(k)need's a friend indeed!"

Old London Sporting Magazine for Jan.] J. W. C.

HORSES SENT ABROAD IN 1835, BY TATTERSALLS.

To Mr. Litchwald, Germany

When foaled.
1834 Brown filly by Shakspeare out of Zinc by Woful
1833 Pepper, ch. f. by Bedlamite out of Gavotte by Election
1834 Ch. M. by Selim, d. (Sister to Remembrancer) by Pipator. Cov. by Rowton
1832 Ch. Mare by The Duke out of Tib by Langar out of Sister to Whalebone. Covered by Lapdog
1826 Bay Mare by Phantom out of Sorcery by Sorcerer. Covered by Gameboy.
1820 Grey M. by Whisker, d. (Jack Spigot's d.) Sister to Bourbon. Cov. by Cetus
1832 Frisk by Filho da Puta out of Lark
1831 Bay filly by Jerry, dam by Blacklock out of Marchesa
1831 Stockwell Lass, br. by Tarrare, dam by Woful
Bay Mare by Whalebone: bought of Mr. Theobald. Covered by Mameluke
Bay Mare by Partisan, dam by Grey Pilot; bought of Lord Ongley. Covered by Gameboy
1830 Ch. Mare by Young Interpreter, dam by Blucher out of Fanny by Toby
1827 Ch. Mare by Nicolo out of Barbara Allen by Camillus
1834 Bay filly by Reveller out of Louisa by Orville
1827 Carmine, ch. by Rubens out of Scarpa by Crispin. Covered by Camel
1832 Bracelet, b. by Mameluke, dam by Skim out of Luss's dam
Br.M. by Muley out of Sister to Little Peggy by Buzzard. Cov. by Gameboy
1832 Bay filly by Tramp out of Ridotto by Reveller
1831 Ch. Mare by Figaro out of Lady Fulford by Walton
1829 Bay Mare by Banker out of Nerissa by Woful
1828 Sweet Marjoram, b. by Shaver out of Charming Molly by Rubens. In foal to Exile
1831 Ganges, b. (foaled in France) by Tigris—Dick Andrews
1831 Freedom, b. c. by Sherwood out of Escape by Colossus
1832 Ibrahim b. c. by Emilius out of Pera by Sultan
1831 Bay Colt by Catton out of Tragedy by Smolensko
1831 Victoria, b. c. by Whalebone or Little John out of Lamia (Sister to Quail) by Gohanna
1833 Bay Colt by Pollio out of Elizabeth by Soothsayer
1821 Helenus, ch. Stallion, by Soothsayer out of Zuleika
1832 Hyderabad, ch. c. by Helenus out of Arbis by Quiz
1833 Grey Colt by Reveller out of Vaultress by Walton
1827 Brunswicker, b. c. by Figaro out of Maniac by Shuttle
Medora, ch. by Selim. Died on the passage to Germany

MARES AND FILLIES.

To James Kirkman, Esq., Florence, Ala.

1824 Gutty. Covered by Logic
1831 Pickle (Sister to Preserve)

To E. H. Boardman, Esq., Huntsville, Ala.

1828 Delight, with a colt foal by Windcliffe, and covered by St. Patrick
1827 Design, with a br. filly by Windcliffe, and covered by Actæon
1820 Gabrielle. Covered by Camel
Sessions. Covered by Gaberlunzie
1825 Vamp. Covered by Speculation (late Protestant), with a filly foal by Drone (Son of Master Robert)

To the Duke of Holstein.

1828 Sister to Bulldog, with a f. foal by Lamplighter, and cov. by Comus horse
Ianthe, 2 yrs., by Belzoni, dam by Waverley

To Mr. H. Bland, Belgium.

1832 Griselda (Sister to Pussy) by Pollio out of Valve by Bob Booty
Bay filly by Camel out of Gulnare by Smolensko, 2 yrs.

To Baron Biel, Germany.

Aurora, Lord Tavistock's. Covered by Actæon
Runnymede. Mr. Cosby's
Fatima, Mr. Grant's. Covered by Actæon
1826 Galopade, Lord Stradbroke's. Covered by Alphæus (Son of Sultan)
Sister to Glaucus, 3 yrs.
The Witch, by Whalebone

To Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, Hicksford, Va.

1826 Pera by Sultan. Covered by Defence

When foaled.
1827 Primula by Cervantes out of Cowslip. Covered by Shakspeare
1831 Bashful. Bought of Lord Orford
1828 Water Witch. Bought of Mr. Bloss
Bay yearling filly by Longwaist—Toso's dam

To W. J. Minor, Esq., Natchez, Mississippi.

Bay yearling filly by Bustard out of Laureola
Bay yearling filly by Muley—Longwaist's dam

To Mr. Seagee, Germany.

1814 Spinning Jenny, with a colt foal by Lamplighter, and cov. by him again
1827 Orpheline by Orville, with a filly foal by Filho, and covered by Buzzard

To Mr. Spearman.

1824 Mulebird, with a filly foal by Emilius, and covered by Clearwell
1829 Reaction by Truffle, with a colt foal by Taurus, and covered by Buzzard
Bay yearling filly by Bustard out of Camelina
1818 My Lady by Comus. Covered by Langar

To Mr. Fulgus, Denmark.

Brown m. by Blacklook, dam by Whisker; grandam by Bay Trophonius

To Mr. Spittals, Belgium.

1819 Twatty. Covered by Logic

To Count Szechenyi.

1822 Sentiment by Selim. Covered by Defence
1824 Prudish by Merlin out of Prude. Covered by Rowton

To Mr. Hart.

1829 Eleanor by Middleton
Bay filly by Pantaloon out of Vexation, 3 yrs.
Bay filly by Merlin out of Fawn, 3 yrs.
Bay yearling filly by Albany out of Miss Lydia
1821 Pheasant by Bustard. Covered by Priam
Gipsy by Tinker out of Consol's dam, 3 yrs.
Bay filly by Pollio, dam by Woful out of Allegretta, 2 yrs.
1831 Gulistan by Whalebone out of Gulnare by Smolensko
Bay yearling filly by Partisan out of Flounce
Bay yearling f. by Partisan, dam by Selim out of Sister to Remembrancer
1828 Flourish, in foal to Rowton
1831 Maid of Underley, by Muley out of Mufti's dam

To James Kirkman, Esq., Florence, Ala.

Eliza. Covered by Emilius

To W. J. Minor, Esq., Natchez, Mississippi.

1826 Nell Gwynne by Tramp. Covered by Rowton
1828 Ida by Whalebone. Covered by Logic
1823 Tears, with a colt foal by Defence, and covered by him again

1820 Logic, by Selim out of Piquet by Sorcerer. Sold back at the end of the covering season 1835, to the Duke of Holstein. Logic covered a few mares in England in 1834, and all the season of 1835
1828 Crutch—died in 1834 on his passage to Hamburgh

To Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va.

1823 Shakspeare. Sold in September, 1835
Emancipation
1826 Rowton by Oiseau out of Katherina by Woful
1829 Margrave by Muley, dam by Election
1826 Merman by Whalebone, dam by Orville

To the Duke of Holstein Augustenberg.

1823 Tom (late Bob Logic), by Walton out of Louisa by Orville
1829 Grand Falconer, The, by Merlin out of Active by Partisan
1828 Incubus by Phantom out of Katherina by Soothsayer
1832 Belus by Emilius out of Babel by Interpreter
Philosopher, The, by Filho da Puta out of Selina by Nicolo
1829 Hokee Pokee by Muley out of Longwaist's dam
1833 Bay colt by Whisker or Cetus, dam by Blacklock out of Altisidora

To Mr. Palmer, Paris.

1825 Terror by Magistrate out of Torelli by Cerberus
1832 Stargazer (Lord Orford's)—died on his passage to Hamburgh
1833 Black colt by Jerry, bought of Col. Peel

1832 Nautilus by Skiff out of Icaria (Gen. Grosvenor's)—to Capt. Carr, Germany
1829 Trustee—to F. P. Corbin, Esq., America
1821 Swiss—to F. B. Ogden, Esq., America
1829 Consol—to E. H. Boardman, Esq., Alabama
1823 Lapdog—to James Kirkman, Esq., America
1832 Bay colt by Emilius—Whizgig—to Mr. Seagee, Germany
1833 Grotesque by Comus—to Sweden
Bay yearling colt by Longwaist, dam by Muley out of Lady Ern by Stamford—to W. J. Minor, Esq., America
1831 Shilelah—to Count Szechenyi
1833 Bay colt by Bedlamite out of Caccia Piatti's dam

Sent to France for the French Government.

1827 Windcliffe
1830 Dangerous, winner of the Derby 1833
1829 Pickpocket
1832 Brown colt by Lottery
Some very fine three-part bred Stallions
Mr. Tattersall's Elizabeth by Soothsayer—*dead*

The increased and increasing demand for horses to go abroad speaks loudly in praise of our native breed: and so long as horse-racing—the national sport of England—continues to be encouraged by men of rank and opulence, we shall be enabled to maintain our proud superiority. Next year, however, Foreigners, if not less particular, will probably find the market very short.

[Old London Sporting Magazine for Feb.

TROTTING.—The match between the celebrated horse Parlington and a grey, belonging to Mr. John Cuff, for £100 a-side, the greatest distance in one hour, is off, owing to the grey's friends failing to post the second deposit.—Parlington is the horse that trotted against eighteen miles in the hour last summer, and was to have been sold for a shilling if he lost, and £200 if he won. The former was the case; but the matter still rests undecided, the owner objecting that the money was not deposited.

SCENE IN THE THEATRE AT RIO.—In addition to the bad pieces, one's life is not always safe in the theatre, now that it has assumed a patriotic character. A new national mulatto-drama had been announced. The fandango was over, and I would fain have sought the open air to cool my boiling blood; but I could not make my way through the joyous expecting throng, and was compelled to see the wretched local drama. Truth to tell, I had fallen asleep, and my fancy was dancing the fandango, when I was suddenly awakened by the cry of "The Republic for ever!" A hundred voices replied, "The Republic! the Republic!"—a significant echo afterwards put to shame. (This was after the fall of Pedro I.) "*Viva Don Pedro segundo!*" (*Anglicé* Don Pedro II. for ever)! now rang from the dandies and fine ladies; whilst "*Viva Don Pedro Premiero!*" (the First) resounded from the pit and some of the boxes. The curtain fell, the gaslights gradually went out, poniards flashed—the riot had begun. A *Juiz de Paz* justice of the peace) now presented his awful corpulence above the satin cushion of his box, and, yawning, enjoined tranquility, with the usual Portuguese accompaniment of execrations. The youth who had at first shouted for the Republic answered by a gesture too coarse for description, and a few analogous words. The magistrate accepted the challenge, and commanded the officer on duty to load, guard the doors, and suffer none of the criminals (including the whole audience) to escape. The moment that the soldiers showed themselves with bayonets fixed at the open doors, several pistol shots were fired at them from the pit and boxes, and the infuriated multitude rushed upon them like a storm-driven torrent. The *Juiz de Paz* now lost patience and collectedness; trembling he leaned against the pillars of his box, and gave the command to fire. "*Fogo!*" (fire) thundered the officer to his men. The balls rattled amongst the thickest of the crowd, and upwards of thirty lay dead or wounded upon the ground. The intoxication of zeal was gone—the enfrenzied people had been let blood—all now broke through the gaurds, and every one betook himself quietly to his home. * * The immoderate valour of the *Juiz de Paz* was rewarded by a few months'imprisonment.

[Seidler's Residence in Brazil.

SHAKSPEARE'S WIFE.—Shakspeare married at eighteen: his wife was eight years older. It is supposed that she did not contribute to his domestic happiness. One of his biographers imagines that he was jealous; but this is scarcely probable, considering that he did not take her with him to London, but lived at a distance from her many years. It is certain that he neglected her in his will, in which her name was at first wholly omitted, and subsequently inserted with the bequest of "his second best bed."

"LAYS OF A WILD HARP." By Eliza Cook.—This little volume of metrical pieces professes to be the production of a lady, and if so, the title is not inappropriate, for she has certainly suffered her Muse to "run wild;" and, if one may judge by the *gusto* with which she celebrates the virtues of "Wine, mighty wine," she is no bad judge of its cheerful influence. Her lines on that "Prince of Cupids," Jack Reeve, are truly *feminine*:—

"What fun for to romp with thee, John Reeve—
Like a PANCIPUL goddess-born daughter!
To feast on ambrosia of good rump steaks,
With nectar of brandy-and-water!

This is truly *fanciful*, and at once shows that the lady is a bright specimen of "the Fancy" in all its perfection. The collection is not destitute of merit, but if written by one of the fair sex, she could certainly have been better employed.

THE PARISH "POWERS THAT BE."—We copy the following specimens of "Radical Eloquence" from that spirited pennyworth of pungent pepper for the new parishocracies, the "Borough Mercury;"—giving, however, only the initials of the parties, instead of their names in full, as they appear in the "Borough Mercury."

"MARYLEBONE VESTRYMEN.—Mr. '——, is a dapper little fellow, with bow'd legs and remarkably large hips. Addressing the vestry, he dives both hands into the pockets of his unmentionables, and looking unutterable things, he dabbles with the question before the board. Sample—'I mean to say this is a OBSTRUSE question, and it hoght to be gon hinto with all the DOCKERMENTS afore s.' Vide speech on the Collectors' salaries.

Mr. C——.—A tremendously ugly-looking fellow—"I tell you what it is—none on us karnt know not till sich time as we sees the *hinstruments* wot has been signed.

"Mr. R——, (the Yorkshireman).—'I hawprehend the mawtion beefore the board is won of such vaital importance to this vesthry, that they knaw not how to comprehend its ramefications in all its several branches, (hop and carry one).

"Mr. C.—The very Dogberry of the vestry; every look says, 'write me down an ass'—every gesture says 'mind Sirs I am an ass.' C—— is an ill-looking, time-serving, low-bred man, and we should think, a very clumsy *waiter*. Thus speaks he—'Sir, I quite agree, Sir, with the Speaker, Sir, wot has just spoke Sir; Muster Soden, Sir, only wants to do the thing as is is right, Sir, and whilst he sat in that cheer, Sir, he hoped he always would, Sir; for my part, Sir, I shall wote against it, Sir.'

"Mr. G.—(On the Corporation Bill).—G. is a short personification of vulgarity, with a head capable of *trying conclusions* with any door in Christendom—one of the true *Elshie* breed. In speech he is slow and incomprehensible. Sample—'Mr. Cheermen,—I—can—tell—you I'm—not a little astonished at this ere question: I means to say if this ere bill—doesn't pass, why I for one wont pay no taxes (bravo from Jack Savage)—an I no's anuther or two as won't pay no taxes nuther; an I can tell you Mr. Cheerman (*here Mr. G. as usual, wiped his nose with the back of his left hand*), if this 'ere westry sticks together we shall beat the Lords'—(*cheers*).

"Mr. S.—*A singular-looking old black ram*, speaking as if suffering under a sore throat. 'The kill-licter (collector) ought to be remunerated sufficient in a proper manner, they have ardous dooties to do, that I know; and am surprised and astonished to see so much *obstropolomsness* in such a manner.

"ST. PANCRAS VESTRY.—Mr. D. (on the Vestry Clerkship).—'I don't see, if you appint me to hoffice, why I should'nt come among you as usual; I know I could do it; if appinted to to the hoffice, I shall do its dooties.' (A voice—'don't you wish you may get it?)"

"Mr. B.—I can't *patter* no not so well as him as is just *squatted;* I never tries to *flummux* nobody; beside the *beaks;* an him as dont vote for this ere *pint*, ought to *chum the Darby's* in the stone jug till the next 'sizes'—(*hear hear*).

"St. GEORGE, SOUTHWARK.—Mr. D. (on the church rate).—D. attends the vestry in summer time with his shirt sleeves *tucked* up; in winter he appears in a flannel jacket and a paper cap. We assure our readers that the following is a *verbatim* report of his speech—'Mr. Cheerman, I means to vote against them there church rates.—Now kim ear; don't you think it's a d——d shame for to put their fistes into my pockets, when I never goes to church? I don't see no good in no church—they sells nuthin, and they buys nuthin, and they makes the *Blue Lion* shet hup accause they hopens?—Call that *liberty?* Now lookee ear; I perposes this ear—let master Bell (the sexton) get a license to sell *beer* and *backer* in this ear westry room, and then you'll get the church sported; you karnt expect nuthin to be done in these ear lightened times arout it—vy, I nose a good many as 'ud come if they could get any thing good to drink; then as to paying, vy I never pays nobody!—vy sheed yon? I telly vot it is—there von't be no good done not till that 'ere steeple is pulled down, as I said before, if it costed £400 to get it heep; vy, I could get it pulled down for £200, and wouldn't that be a clear saving! *I sharnt pay no rates.*'"

A BRAZILIAN PUBLIC-HOUSE.—A fire, kindled in the middle of the room, diffused a pitchy smoke that threatened suffocation. Around it sat ten or twelve persons, mostly negroes and mulattoes, eagerly roasting pieces of beef, fixed upon long sticks; which lumps of flesh, with impatient bestial voracity, they devoured half raw. The mulatto mistress of the hovel, with her bare-footed, half-naked, half-grown children of both sexes, sat right opposite the door, which was kept open to ensure a draught to the fire. "Sit down without ceremony, Master Lieutenant," said a thickset mulatto of the party, and pushed a horse's skull to the fire for me. I took the offered seat, and by the flickering light of the flame, looked at my neighbours. My right-hand man was a tall, lanky fellow, whose yellowish-brown orange complexion bespoke the son of a mulatto and a negress; a Spanish cloak of coarse brown cloth muffled his flat malignant face up to the nose; a large hat, flapped over the angular forehead, suffered only the dark gleaming eyes to be perceived. From his right boot glittered the silver hilt of a sharp knife; at his side hung a horseman's sabre, that reminded one of the days of Orlando and the Round Table, and in his red worsted belt stuck a pair of pistols, fully displayed whenever he flung back his cloak as he ate. My left-hand neighbour, though shorter, was not less suspicious looking. * * * Probably they saw my distressful mood; for they unanimously assured me, with a frankness that banished all misgivings, that I was a most welcome guest, they being partisans of the foreign troops, and having, moreover, upwards of a week since adopted the principle of hanging up no more white skins in the air to dry. * * * A scraped cow-hide, stretched on a wooden frame in the corner of the room, was shown me as my bed. * * * Overpowered by weariness and smoke, I was soon asleep. When I awoke the goodly company was still together; cards had kept them awake all night. These men, whose clothing hung about them in tatters, who had not even salt, much less bread, to their half-raw beef, were now staking Spanish doubloons and handfuls of silver upon a single card; with amazement I beheld some of them draw leathern bags of gold out of their ragged trowsers, and empty them on the ground, to try them whether, in a lucky minute, they might not double or triple their capital. Beside each player laid his knife, ready, in case of dispute, to make an end of his antagonist.—[Seidler's Residence in Brazil.

A PUGNACIOUS BARON.—The present "upright" and venerable Baron Graham, in his younger days, could, like the great and good of the old school, take his own part at a pinch, and handle his fives in prime style. Happening to dine at the house of a host who had been at Cambridge in his youth, and was at that period celebrated as an adept with his fists, the Learned Baron, on his bringing in the first dish, asked him if he had ever been at Cambridge? The answer was in the affirmative of course. "Could you fight a little at that time?" "I could," was the answer. "Were you ever beaten?" "Yes, once." "By whom?" "By your Lordship," was the reply. "I offered to fight you again next morning, but your Lordship would not have it." It is needless to say these reminiscences produced a hearty laugh, and the worthy Baron was not ashamed to admit that he was "a good Judge" in more ways than one.

RECALL OF THE FORLORN-HOPER.—We understand that Messrs. De Vare, Pouncey, Bainbridge and Co. electors of Wesminster, have engaged a steamer to proceed to St. Sebastian, and from thence to Vittoria, to bring back their Representative, Colonel—we beg his pardon—General Evans. "Wot's the use (blurts out Bully Bainbridge) of having a mere *Major Sturgeon*—a dung—a swell wot marches and countermarches, and never vouce shows fight at not nothin's wotsumdever? Wot's the use of having sich a feller as abuses the *cat* here at home, and uses it abroad, laying it into the British Legin of Hoaxilleries like winkin hat Wittoria?—a feller wot's been giving dancing balls to the Spanish vimin, instead of musket balls to the men—wot's sneaked out of the Bilboes by stolen marches, to get into safer kivarters—and to escape a *leathering* gets under the kiver of *Cordovan!*—(Hear, hear! from De Vear.)—Wot's the use, I says, of having sich a rotten snag in Westminster's jaw like that? I says, let's have him home agin and work his buff. It's the gallusest thing as is for ve to be misrippersended in this 'ere sort of a vay;—if it ain't I'm blowed and no mistake."

The appeal of the leech of St. Martin's-lane was as irresistible as it was eloquent; and the meeting determined upon crossing the "Bay of Biscay O!" in a 'forlorn hope,' to bring home their forlorn-hoper. Age.

A PIOUS FRAUD.—I remained in the house of the Minister about two hours, almost the whole of which time he entertained me with a detail of his grievances, consisting of scanty renumeration, poor fees, and the disuse of funeral sermons, which he said, were now scarcely ever required; and, without any expression of disapprobation, he related a stratagem devised by a brother Minister, who held a cure on the West coast, by which he had succeeded in restoring, in some measure, the usage of funeral sermons, a service for which, it seems, the Minister is generally well paid. This Minister having got a number of crabs, and having contrived to fix small candles on their backs, put them one dark night into the church-yard, where they wandered about crawling over the graves and beneath the tomb-stones. He then called together a number of his superstitious parishioners, and pointing to the appalling spectacle, told them these were the souls of the dead who could not get rest in their graves until those services should be performed that had been neglected at the time of burial. Inglis' Travels in Norway.

A celebrated poacher, who had emigrated to America, being met in his new country by a person who knew his propensity in the old, was congratulated on being able to pursue it with impunity; to which he replied, "If you will believe me, I scarcely ever think about it, for there is nobody here that seeks to hinder us."

Some idea may be formed of the wealth of Great Britain from the fact that, in 1834, insurances against fire were made by the English Offices to the amount of five hundred and seventy-five millions and a half, and that the uninsured property is estimated to be equal to what is insured.

The last year was fertile in dramatic productions in Paris; 211 new pieces were brought out, the works of 183 authors.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE SUBSCRIBER, Flute-maker, (recently from London), respectfully invites the attention of the profession and amateurs, to the inspection of his instruments, which are made from the most improved patterns; and, in regard to workmanship, and long seasoned materials, are surpassed by none. Patent heads put in, and repairs done in the shortest possible time. Clarionets, flageolets, &c., &c. Instruments taken in exchange.

feb 27 T. LONGHRST, Musical Instrument Maker, 471 Pearl-st.

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired ACCORDIONS of various sizes, Spanish GUITARS of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $150 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated *Coco-wood Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales, &c. &c.* constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science an composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,
feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Basseford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'cloch, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late BELA BADGER, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

JOHN RICHARDS, VALENTINE (imported,)
FLYING DUTCHMAN, CHIFNEY,
PEIAM.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse CONSTELLATION, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq., of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse Light Foot, Shark, Bay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnium the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua, and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.

mar 12 New-York.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully tenders his thanks to the patrons of his *Veterinary Establishment*, for their past and kind favors, and feels extreme pleasure as well as gratitude thus publicly to acknowledge it. It is seldom that he uses the advertising columns of a public journal as a means of applying to the Public for patronage and support, which is ostentatiously practised by many of the present day. But at the suggestion of his friends, that those who do not know him may have the opportunity of doing so, he takes the advantage of the present occasion to inform them, that his INFIRMARY, No. 36 *City Hall Place*, N. Y., is always open for the reception and cure of diseased horses, where every attention which it is in his power to bestow, will be cheerfully and assiduously given. It would be unnecessary and vain, if after more than 15 years practice in the United States, and several previous years experience as a Veterinary Surgeon in England, he would say aught in favor of his professional ability. To that portion of the public whom he has had the gratification of serving in that capacity, he appeals to for character and capability in the line of his profession. To those who may do him the favor of calling upon him in the above line, he will be particular in bestowing every attendance and care. Attached to his Infirmary is an extensive Shoeing Establishment, where horses will be carefully shod, on the most regular and approved principles, and under his own immediate superintendance. R. H. BUDD,

Veterinary Surgeon, 36 City Hall Place.

N.B. To be had at the above Establishment, New-York, a Practical Treatise on the "Diseases of the foot of the Horse," by R. H. BUDD, Veterinary Surgeon, N. Y. feb 20-1y

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Ponches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

MR. W. LOCKWOOD,

MINIATURE PAINTER, No. 2, COURTLANDT-STREET New-York. eb 27

AN Apprentice wanted. Apply at the corner of Broadway and Courtland-street. A well educated boy will here find an excellent situation.

BAREFOOT,

THE ONLY HORSE IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosannet; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Melonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 365 yards short of two miles.) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Bosto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Fluxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledonian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l.*, distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoo

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run on the EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 19th of April, 1836.——FIRST DAY.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed 1st of January; 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater	"	*Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
2. Samuel Laird	"	*Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman	"	*Dusky-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis	"	*Molinera*, f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes	"	*Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
6. J. Holmes Van Mater	"	*Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
7. J. C. Stevens	"	*Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott	"	*Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Toms	"	*Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
10. H. A. Coenhoven	"	*Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven	"	*Bay Colt*, by Mennon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke	"	*Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

SECOND DAY.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added by the Club. To name and close on the first of April. Four or more to make a race.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run at the Second Meeting on the Eagle Course, June 7th, 1836.

FIRST DAY.—Two-mile heats, $300 subscription, h. f., $200 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To name and close on the first of April.

LAST DAY.—A Post-stake, four-mile heats, $500 subscription, h. f., and $1000 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To close on the first of April.

There having been a very general expression by Turfmen of their preferences for the short distances, as adopted at New-York and at the South, the proprietor, in accordance with their wishes, will hereafter be governed by the same upon the Eagle Course. The weights, being the same as on Long Island, will remain so. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, January 26, 1836.

IMPORTED HORSE VICTORY.

THIS valuable high-bred Race-horse is offered for sale on reasonable terms. He is a dark bay, without any white marks; was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and foaled in 1825.—He was got by Waterloo, a stallion in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, a capital performer, and son of the celebrated horse Walton, out of Penelope, the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, &c. *Victory's* dam, Adeline, was got by Soothsayer, son of Sorcerer, out of Golden Locks, by Delpini. His grandam Elizabeth, by Orville; great-grandam Penny Trumpet, by Trumpeter; great-great-grandam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker; great-great-great-grandam Camilla, by Trentham. Victory is a very strong-made horse, of great substance, standing upon short legs, with more bone than is generally to be met with in the race horse, and admirably adapted to cross with high-made mares, at present too prevalent in the Southern States. He is 15 hands 3 inches high, with good points and fine action; has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and his colts, (some of which may be seen at the residence of James Bathgate, Esq., West Farms, Westchester county, 12 miles easterly from the city of New-York, near the Boston post-road, where the horse at present is,) in point of size and appearance, are surpassed by none. He has been a good racer: he appeared on the turf 27 times, in competition with some of the best horses in Europe, *winning eleven times*, two of which were King's Plates, with very high weights; *walked over twice*, and *received forfeit once*; in seven of the races in which he was beat, he ran second. More particular information may be had by application to C. R. COLDEN, Editor of the Sporting Magazine, No. 106 Spring-street, or of the subscriber, No. 17 Sixth-avenue, New-York.

☞ If VICTORY is not sold previous to the commencement of the season, he will stand for mares in the neighborhood where he is at present.

feb 20-tf WILLIAM JACKSON.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions da

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1836.

Compiled expressly for the New York Spirit of the Times.

NAME.	COLOR.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	TERMS. Seas.	Ins.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Alexander	gr.	Old Pacolet	Jenny Ribbon, by Doublehead	Springfield, Illinois	15	30	Harrison Yewell
Amuranth, (*Arabian*)				Carlisle, Kentucky	25		Sam. S. Thompson
Andrew	ch.	Sir Charles	By Herod	Milledgeville, Georgia			A. H. Keenan
Anvil	br.	Monsieur Tonson	By Sir Archie [derbolt	Halifax, Court-House, Virginia	30	45	Robert S. Wooding
Apparition, Imp.	b.	Spectre, by Phantom	Young Cranberry, by Thun-	Near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland	30	50	T. R. S. Boyce
Aratus	b.	Old Aratus	By Mountain Leader, by Imp.	Near Elizabethtown, Kentucky	15	20	William M'Murtrie
Autocrat, Imp.	gr.	Grand Duke	Olivetta [Arabian	Gallatin, Tennessee			Thomas Barry
Barefoot, Imp.	ch.	Tramp	Rosamond, by Buzzard	Union Race Course, L. Island,	50		John R. Snedeker
Baron Trenck		Sir Archie	By Gallatin	Sandersville, Georgia	25	30	T. J. Wartheu
Bertrand	b.	Sir Archie	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Bourbon County, Kentucky			John Hutchcraft
Bertrand, junior	ch.	Bertrand	Transport	Augusta Georgia	60		William G. Haun
Black Arabian	bl.			Prince Edward Court-House, Va	35	50	T Flournoy, J F Edmonds
Bolivar	b.	Sir Andrew	Virago	Montgomery, Alabama	15	35	James J. Gilmer
Brutus	b.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Bedford	Monfordville, Kentucky	25		
Busiris	ch.	Eclipse	Grand Duchess, by Gracchus	Near Philadelphia			Calendar Irvine
Cadet	gr.	Medley	Sally Walker, by Timoleon	Paris, Kentucky	30		Jefferson Scott
Cannibal	b.			Clinton, Jones County, Georgia	25	40	R. S. Emmett
Carolinian				Spring Grove, Hanover Co. Va.	35	75	William L. White
Character	s.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Druid	Raleigh, North Carolina			Seth Jones
Chateau Margaux, Imp.	br.	Whalebone	Wasp by Gohanna	Richmond, Virginia	75	125	Robt. C. Williamson
Chesterfield				Near Columbus, Georgia	35	50	James C. Anderson
Childers		Haxhall's Moses	Mary Bedford, by Imp. Bed.	Christian County, Kentucky	30	40	
Claret, Imp.	b.	Chateau Margaux	By Partisan	Lynesville, Granville County, N.C.	50	75	Edmund Townes
Clarence Linden	gr.	Winter Arabian	By Virginian	Greenville County, Virginia	25	50	Augustus Claiborne
Cock of the Rock	b.	Duroc	Romp, by Imp. Messenger	Near Pulaski, Tennessee	40	50	William R. Brown
Collier	ch.	Sir Charles	By Whip	Richmond, Kentucky	35	50	Miller, Kerley, and Co.
Columbus		Oscar		Lexington, Kentucky			D. Thompson
Consol, Imp.	br.	Lottery	By Cerberus	Near Huntsville, Alabama	60		E. H. Boardman
Critic	ch.	Eclipse	Eclipse Herod	Near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland	20	30	Charles C. W. Dorsey
Daghee, Imp.	b.	Muley	Fatima, by Arabian Sheik	Elizabethtown, New-Jersey	30	50	E. C. Mayo
Donald Adair	ch.	Monsieur Tonson	By Tom Tough	Mount Clement, Virginia			John P. White
Drone	ch.	Monsieur Tonson	By Sir Archie	Kendall Race Course, Maryland	50	75	James B. Kendall
Eclipse	ch.	Duroc	Miller's Damsel	Dinwiddie Court-House Virginia	100	150	Edward Johnson
Emancipation, Imp.	b.	Whisker	By Androssan	Charlotte Court-House, Virginia,	60	100	Wyatt Cardwell
Felt, Imp.	b.	Langar	Steam, by Waxy Pope	Hicksford, Greensville Co., Va.	60	100	A. T. B. Merritt
Festival		Eclipse	By Timoleon	Bonavista, Johnston Co., N. C.	30	40	John M'Leod
Flexible, Imp.	b.	Whalebone	Themus, by Sorcerer				
Giles Scroggins	b.	Sir Archie	Lady Bedford	Near Nashville, Tennessee	25	40	Wilfred B. Gowen
Godolphin		Eclipse	Sylph, by Hephestion	Winchester, Clarke County, Ky.	50	75	Ludwell Berkley
Goliah	ch.	Eclipse	By Meadosa, son of Hickory	Charlotte Court-House, Virginia	50	65	R. J. Gaines, T. P. Rich-
Governor Hamilton	gr.	Sir Andrew	By Bonaparte	Lexington, Georgia	50	75	John Moore [ardson
Governor Burton		Monsieur Tonson	Lady Burton	Pendleton, South Carolina	20	30	J. O. Lewis
Gray Beard	gr.	Kosciusko	Imp. Psyche	Chesterfield County, Virginia	30	50	John Walthall
Grenadier		Tariff		Fluvanna County, Virginia			William Pannell
Gunpowder		Eclipse		Nashville, Tennessee			Thomas Alderson
Hedgford, Imp.	br.	Filho da Puta	Miss Cragie, by Orville	Near Augusta, Georgia	60		Joseph H. Townes
Henry	ch.	Sir Archie	By Diomed	Union Race Course, L. I.	75		John Drew
Ivenhoe	b.	Virginian	By Imp. Archduke	Timonium Race Course, Maryland	40	60	William Bosley
Jerry	gr.	Pacolet	By Topgallant, son of Galla-	Decatur, Morgan County, Alabama	30	50	Jonathan Lane
John Dawson	b.	Pacific	By Grey Archie [tin	Near Gallatin, Tennessee	30	45	Arthur Cotten
John Randolph				Near Millhaven, Georgia	15	25	P. L. Wode
Lafayette	b.	Conqueror	Julia, by Sir Arthur	Near Nashville, Tennessee	15	25	Hollon Davis
Lapdog, Imp.	b.	Whalebone	By Canopus	Nashville, Tenn.	50		Thomas Alderson
Leviathan, Imp.	ch.	Muley	By Windle	Gallatin, Tennessee	100		George Elliott
Lexington	b.	Medley	Old Reality	Lynchburg, Virginia	20	30	John M. Williams
Luzborough, Imp.	br.	Williamson's Ditto	By Dick Andrews	Near Franklin, Tennessee	30	50	Hardy M. Cryer
Malcolm	b.	Sir Charles	By Sir Alfred	Near Huntsville, Alabama	30	50	J. N. Fletcher
Margrave, Imp.	ch.	Muley	By Election	Pittsylvania Court-House,	60	100	John L. White
Marion	b.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Citizen	Mt. Forest, Northampton Co., N.C.	60	90	William Moody
Marshal Ney	b.	Stockholder	Maria Louisa's dam	Near Sommerville, Tennessee	15	30	James Hunter
Medley	gr.	Sir Hal	Old Reality, by Sir Archie	Bedford County, Virginia			John S. Hurt
Medoc	ch.	Eclipse	Young Maid of the Oaks	Woodford County, Kentucky			W. Buford
Melle Melle		Virginian	Sir Archie	Fayette County, Tennessee			W. H. Edwards
Merlin	b.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Bedford	Elkton, Kentucky	30	60	F. W. Drew
Mercury	b.	Sir Charles	By Remus	Columbus, Mississippi	50		James J. Patten
Merman, Imp.	br.	Whalebone	Mermaid, by Orville	Nashville, Tennessee			Leonard P. Cheatham
Molo	s.	Timoleon	Miss Paine, by Tom Paine	Chucky Bend, Jefferson Co., Tenn.	25	35	James Scruggs
Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	By Imp. Expedition	Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J.		40	Joseph H. Van Mater
Monsieur Tonson	b.	Pacolet	Madam Tonson	Halifax Court-House, Virginia	60	100	William W. Hurt
Muckle John		Sir Archie	By Bellair	Near Lexington, Kentucky	30		James Dunlap
Muckle John, junior	ch.	Muckle John	By Wiley's Marske	Statesburg, South Carolina	30		Cyrus Morse
O'Kelley	gr.	Eclipse	Young Empress	Franklin, Tennessee	40	75	A. T. Nolen
Orphan Boy	b.	Eclipse	Old Maid of the Oaks, by Spr'd	Near Louisville, Kentucky			Lewis Shirley
Orphan Boy	ch.	Sir Archie	Lady Rackett [Eagle	Henry County, Kentucky	25		William Palmer
Pacific	b.	Sir Archie	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Spring Grove, near Nashville, Tenn.	50	100	Duke W. Sumner
Pamunkey	b.	Eclipse	Sir Archie	Culpepper, Court-House Virginia			William Duvall
Powhattan	b.	Arab	By Oscar	West Feliciana, La.	30	40	Ira Smith
Quidnunc		Arabian Bagdad	Rosa Carey, by Sir Archie	Talbotton, Georgia	20	30	William Fleming
Rattler				Murfreesborough, Tennessee			John H. Robinson
Redgauntlet	b.	Sir Archie	By Hephestion	Waynesborough, Georgia	40		John Maxwell
Red Jacket	ch.	Director	By Ball's Florizel	Dover Mills, Virginia	15	25	J. B. Ferguson
Red Rover	b.	Imported Bagdad	By Conqueror	Columbia, Boone County, Mo.	20		John Cooper
Robin Brown	ch.	Monsieur Tonson	By Ball's Florizel	King George County, Virginia			Charles Tayloe
Robin Hood	ch.	Henry	By Hickory, by Imp. Whip	Fort Mitchell, Alabama	50	75	John Crowell
Rodolph	b.	Sir Archie, (of Transport)	By Moses	Near Frankfort, Kentucky	75		Sidney Burbridge
Rowton, Imp.	ch.	Oiseau	Katherina, by Woful	Woodland, near Columbia, S. C.	60		Wade Hampton
Sarpedon, Imp.	br.	Emilius	Icaria, by The Flyer	Lexington, Kentucky	60	100	William G. Skillman
Saxe Weimar		Saxe Weimar	By Lottery	Near Lexington, Kentucky			William Boner
Shakspeare, Imp.	br.	Smolensko	Charming Molly, by Rubens	Lawrenceville, Virginia	60	100	Daniel Dugger
Shark	bl.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot	Taylor's Ferry, Meck. County, Va.	75		John C. Goode
Shakspeare	b.	Virginian	By Potomac	Columbus, Georgia			David Watts [wood
Sidi Mahomet, Imp.				Near Athens, Kentucky			S. Jones, W. H. Under-
Sir Henry Tonson	gr.	Pacolet	Madame Tonson	Jackson, Northampton, Co., N. C.	50	75	Robert S. Wooding
Sir Lovell	b.	Duroc	Imp. Light Infantry	Jessamine County, Kentucky	30		P. E. Todhunter
Sir William	b.	Sir William	Transport	Near Lexington, Kentucky	15	25	William Bower
St. Giles, Imp.	ch.	Tramp	Arcot Lass, by Androssan	Gallatin, Tennessee	60		George Elliott
Star	bl.	Virginian	Meretrix	Chesterfield County, Virginia	60	100	George W. Johnson
Stockholder	b.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Citizen	Hopkinsville, Kentucky	50	75	A. V. Long
Terror	b.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot	Orange Court-House, Virginia	25	50	W. L. White, J. C. Dicker-
Timoleon	ch.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Saltram	Near Lawrenceville, Virginia	50		A. B. Drummond [son
Tobacconist	b.	Gohanna	By Florizel	Lynchburg, Virginia	25	40	R. B. Norvell
Topaz		Sir William	By Constitution	Campbell Court-House, Virginia	15	20	Henry Hazlewood
Tranby, Imp.	br.	Blacklock	By Orville	Glen Ellen, near Baltimore, Md.	75	125	Robert Gilmor, Jun.
Traveller	b.	Old Arab	By Conqueror	Madisonville, Tennessee	20	30	William Ainsworth
Trustee, Imp.	ch.	Catton	Emma, by Whisker	Princeton, New Jersey			
Tychicus	ch.	Clifton	By Imp. Chance	Lynchburg, Virginia	25	40	Charles P. Lee
Uncle Sam	br.	Washington	Maria, by Timoleon	Near Memphis, Tennessee	25	40	W. Person
Uwharie		Washington	Betsey Ruffin, by Virginian	Lexington, North Carolina	15	25	W. R. Holt
Valentine		Magistrate	Miss Forrester	Near North Middletown, Kentucky			Horace Benton
Veto	b.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Citizen	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	20	40	Edward Parker
Victory, Imp.	b.	Waterloo	Adeline, by Soothsayer	Near West Farms, Westchester Co.			William Jackson
Virginius		Virginius	Transport	Near Frankfort, Kentucky [N.Y.			George E. Blackburn
Washington	ch.	Timoleon	Ariadne	Buckingham Court-House, Va.			
Whale, Imp.		Whalebone	Rectory, by Octavius				
Whip	b.	Blackburn's Whip		Madison County, Kentucky			Duke W. Simpson
William Walker		Ogle's Oscar	By Imp. Expedition	Near Kaskaskia, Illinois	15	25	S. P. Adkins
Young Am. Eclipse	gr.	Duroc	Miller's Maid	Lynchburg, Virginia			Henry Brown, Jun.
Young Truffle, Imp.	b.	Truffle	Helen	Milledgeville, Georgia	60	100	S. W. Yager
Z. A.	b.	Marion	By Conqueror	Near La Grange, Tennessee	50	75	Edwin Haskins
Zinganee	b.	Sir Archie	By Imp. Chance	Haymarket, Pr. William Co., Va.	40	60	Robert A. Layton

☞ In our list of Stallions for 1836, we have availed ourselves of the lists furnished by the two Sporting Magazines, to which we have added the names of nearly half as many more horses, whose locations were made known to us by our private correspondents and exchange papers, in different sections of the country.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE TURF.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, 23rd of March, at the New York Bazaar, if not sold previous, the full-bred and celebrated race horse SIDNEY, a beautiful bay and fine figure, seven years old this spring, near 15 1-2 hands high, sire by Sir Charles, dam by Thornton's Ratler. Pedigree and performance in full at sale. For particulars inquire of Thompson and Carvin, or R. Dunn, the rider and trainer of said horse, who now leaves him to return to England. R. DUNN,
mar. 19. Union Course, Jamaica, L. I.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them; it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS, at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.
mar. 19.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE SUBSCRIBER, Flute-maker, (recently from London), respectfully invites the attention of the profession and amateurs, to the inspection of his instruments, which are made from the most improved patterns; and, in regard to workmanship, and long seasoned materials, are surpassed by none. Patent heads put in, and repairs done in the shortest possible time. Clarionets, flageolets, &c., &c. Instruments taken in exchange.
feb 27 T. LONGHRST, Musical Instrument Maker, 471 Pearl-st.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES will be run for over the Mobile Course, commencing on Wednesday, the 20th of April next.

First day, 3 mile heats, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - for $600
Second day, 2 mile heats, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - for $400
Third day, best 3 in 5 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - for $350

The above purses free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules and regulations of the Club. The purse of each day with the respective amounts to be in cash. mar. 19. THOS. BATES, Secretary.

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON, N. J.

RACES TO COMMENCE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH:—

FIRST DAY.—A Sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats. $50 entrance, half forfeit; and $50 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race, and to close on the 9th April.

SECOND DAY.—A Sweepstake as above. $25 entrance, and half forfeit. $50 added.

There will also be two purses given on the same days as above. The amount, &c., will be given hereafter. Entries for the above to be addressed to me.
mar. 19. JAMES DAVISON, Secretary.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

IT IS A FACT PERFECTLY ESTABLISHED, by repeated trials, that the WORM and CONDITION POWDERS of James John Waldegrave, Veterinary Surgeon to the late Emperor Napoleon, are an unfailing and complete remedy for Botts and all descriptions of Worms that Horses are liable to. Several remarkable cures have been effected in this city of diseased horses, as certificates from their owners, attached to each package of Powders will testify. Each package is accompanied by a succinct and valuable Treatise on the Diseases of the Horse, with directions for use in all cases. Breeders and Trainers will find these Powders almost invaluable in their stables, from their efficacy in all desperate cases, and also in getting horses into fine condition. Their effect is to thoroughly renovate the system, and to give the horse a fresh healthy appearance, and a smooth glossy skin. These powders only require to be known to be as universally adopted here as in Europe. Price, $1 50 per package, and may be had at wholesale or retail of PATRICK DICKIE,
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AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - - - Lafayette Course, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th. First day, match, mile heats, $17,000 to $15,000, between Argyle and the choice of John Bascomb, Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, or Bolivia.
BELFIELD, Va. - - - - - - - Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
DAVISON'S COURSE, - - - - - Near Trenton, N. J., Wednesday, 13th April.
JEFFERSON Co. Va. - - - - - Wednesday, —th May.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va. - - - - Third Tuesday in April, 19th.
MACON, Ga. - - - - - - - - Jockey Club, Monday, 21st March.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - - - Wednesday, 20th April.
MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - - - - - First Wednesday, 6th April.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - - - - - Thursday, 21st April.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - - - - March 16th, Match, mile heats, $1000 a-side, Pharsalia Course
" " April 30th, Match four-mile heats, $5000 a-side. " "
" " Dec. 1st, Match, 4-mile heats, $5000 a-side. " "
NEWMARKET, Va. - - - - - First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.
NEW-YORK CITY. - - - - - Jockey Club, Union Course: 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 12th.
" " Monday April 25th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $5,000, h. f.
" " Tuesday, May 3d, Match, 4 m. heats, entrance $5,000 a side, h. f.
" " Same Day, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $1000, f. $250.
" " Wednesday, May 4th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, h. f.
" " Thursday, May 5th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, f. 100.
" " Second Spg. Meeting, Gnd. Match, *North* vs. *South*, for $5,000, h. f.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - - - - - First Meeting, 3d Wednesday in March.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La. - - - First Spring Meeting, Wednesday, March 23d.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - - - Eagle Course, First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
" " Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.

Sweepstakes to be run over the Washington Course, D. C.

1. A SWEEPSTAKES to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $1000—forfeit $250. Ten subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of Jas. C. Gittings and himself.
2. Maj. A. J. Donelson enters b. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters imported c. Longford, out of Peri by Starch.
4. Doct. A. H. Tyson enters gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Alikroker.
5. Col. John Heth enters the full sister to Trifle.
6. Col. Wm. Wynn enters ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. Wm. H. Minge. (Mr. Minge's entry has been mislaid.)
8. Robt. B. Corbin enters br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Nullifier's dam.
9. Wm. R. Johnson enters gr. c. by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts enter full sister to Juliana.

2. A sweepstake to be run spring meeting 1836, for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, subscription $200, forfeit $50. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Charles Oliver enters b. c. Lord Bottetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. Geo. P. Tayloe enters br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford & Brooks enter ———, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sussex, out of Brunette (sister to Gohanna).
5. Col. F. Thompson enters c. Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Ninon D'Enclos.
6. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters c. Bergen.

3. A Sweepstakes to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three-year old colts and fillies, mile heats, bred in Maryland or the District of Columbia, and within fifty miles of the district.—Subscription $200, forfeit $50. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. Thos. J. Godman's entry is dead.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. enters ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker.
3. Wm. D. Bowie enters Charles Magie.
4. Saml. Sprigg enters b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey enters b. c. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Col. F. Thompson enters ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Club Foot.

4. A produce stakes to be run spring meeting, 1838, for three year olds, mile heats. Subscription $300, forfeit $100. Eleven subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Aurora, by imp. Autocrat.
2. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe enters the produce of Black Sal, by imp. Autocrat.
3. Charles Oliver enters the produce of Flora, by O'Kelly.
4. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by Busiris.
5. G. W. Duvall enters the produce of Thistle, by Sussex.
6. John H. Sothoron enters the produce of Maid of Patuxent, by Tychicus.
7. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Lady Badger, by Monsieur Tonson.
8. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of imp. Isabella, by imp. Barefoot.
9. Jno. M. Botts enters the full sister to Tobacconist.
10. Gen. A. Hunter enters the produce of the dam of The Captain.
11. A. H. Tyson enters b. f. the produce of ch. m. by American Eclipse and Luzborough.

5. A produce stakes for three year olds, to be run spring meeting, 1839, mile heats. Subscription $1000, forfeit $200. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Miss Chance, by Chateau Margaux.
2. Col. W. L. White enters the produce of the dam of Moscow and Sir Philip, by Goliah.
3. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by imp. Tranby.
4. Capt. Y. N. Oliver enters the produce of Flirtilla, Jr. by American Eclipse.
5. Thomas Watson enters the produce of Tuberose, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Bowie enters the produce of Agility, by Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of Eliza Riley.
8. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of the dam of Mazeppa.
9. Messrs. Gilmor and Tyson enter the produce of Sally Walker, by imp. Tranby.
10. John M. Botts enters the produce of Mischief, by Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare enters the produce of Miss Waxy, by Monsieur Tonson.
12. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Flirtilla, by Chateau Margaux.
13. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Martha Ann, by imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. M'Clanahan enters the produce of the dam of Donna Maria, by Monsieur Tonson.
15. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Screamer, by imp. Tranby.
16. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Nancy Dawson, by Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig enters the produce of Reality, by Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin enters the produce of Betsey Haxall, by American Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Madam Lavalette, by American Eclipse.
20. Philip Wallis enters the produce of Lubly Rosa and imp. Tranby. mar. 19.

THE GREAT PACIFIC.

THE services of this fine animal are again offered at his old stand to the breeders of blood stock, and to the patronage of every liberal gentleman, of whatever denomination he may be, as one among the greatest, purest bred, and best stock horses, either for the turf or other purposes, of the present day; a noble specimen of the thorough bred American race horse.

His prices will continue as heretofore, (to wit:) $50 by the season for each mare; $100 to insure, and $1 cash to the groom for each mare. Mares sent to stay with the horse will be fed agreeably to order and carefully attended. My custom is, when fed with grain, to charge $1 per week, which money will be expected when the mare is taken away. Every necessary care will be taken to prevent casualties of every kind, but no liability should any happen.—The season of this horse has commenced and will continue open until the 25th day of December next, in order to give every breeder a fair opportunity of suiting his own convenience.

Pacific, on his part, promises, if Gentlemen will supply him with good materials, to continue to furnish them with first rate race horses; and here permit him to address a few words to the owners of imported mares, that he feels confident in his competency, if they will send them to him, to return them in foal with a Flying Childers, a Partner, [Crofts,] a King Herod, an Eclipse and Highflyer, at any rate he will exert himself to do so, and his reasons are cogent for this belief, because their blood flows more profusely in his veins and his connexion is nearer to them, than in any foreign stock of the present day; hence the great probability is, by making this cross it might bring us to their day which as turf horses, never have yet been equalled, and what has been may again happen in such matters, and he can devise no plan more likely to affect this desirable object than the one he has now suggested.
Feb. 1836. DUKE W. SUMNER.

PEDIGREE.—I do certify that I bred and raised the above named horse Pacific, he was foaled in the spring of 1822, was got by the celebrated horse Sir Archie, and is full brother to Bertrand (also raised by me) his dam Eliza, is full sister to the noted running horse old Gallatin, by the imported Bedford, and came out of the imported mare Mambrina, which mare was got by Mambrino in England. Bedford was got by Dungannon, the best son of Eclipse. Dungannon's dam was Aspasia, by King Herod, his grandam Doris by Blank, g. grandam Helen, by Spectator, g. g. grandam Daphne by the Godolphin Arabian—[See Stud Book 1 vol. p. 5.] Bedford's dam was Fairy, by Highflyer, out of Fairy Queen by Young Cade, he by old Cade, and he by the Godolphin Arabian—[Stud Book 1 vol. p. 274. Mambrino was got by Engineer, Sampson, Blaze, Flying Childers by Darley's Arabian—[Stud Book 1 v. pp. 32, 422, 430, 49, 419 and 444.] Mambrina's dam was by Blank, and Mambrino's dam by Cade, both sons of the Godolphin Arabian. Engineer's dam was by young Greyhound, Curwen Bay Barb, Sampson's dam was by Hip; Spark, son of Honeycomb Punch, Snake, Ld. d'Arcy's Queen. The dam of Blaze was the Confederate filly by Grey Grantham, D. of Rutland's Black Barb, Bright's Roan. The dam of Flying Childers was Betty Leeds, by Careless, sister to Leeds, by Leeds Arabian, Spanker, Barb Mare, which was Spanker's dam.
Fulton, S. Carolina, Aug. 20, 1828. JOHN R. SPANN.

I wish any gentleman to trace all the crosses out, when they will be found equally good; if any other two horses can show an authentic pedigree, as rich in all its parts as this, at the present day, I should like to see it; yet I do not pretend to insinuate, but what other horses, very many of which are thorough bred—but there was a day in England, when they got their race horses nearer perfection, than at any former or subsequent period—and to the race horses of that day, such as above named, I claim for Bertrand and Pacific, without fear of contradiction, a nearer connection than in any other living animals of the present day; American Eclipse, Crusader and their full brothers excepted, which perhaps may be as near. Now I should like to see any plausible reason assigned, why these horses would not be more likely to improve the stock from English mares than crossing in and in with their own horses, for nearly all the importations for the last fifty years, have been the immediate descendants from Eclipse on the sire and dam; hence the great advantage derived from imported Citizen over the Eclipse stock; and although Pacific has one cross of Eclipse through Bedford, his other crosses are entirely different and equally good. DUKE W. SUMNER.
Spring Grove, near Nashville, Tennessee. mar. 19

FILLY FOR SALE.

A BEAUTIFUL FILLY, full sister to James Cropper, (one of the most celebrated horses in Virginia,) two years old the ensuing Spring, of fine size, and good racing form, will be sold for $1,000. Apply to Dr. JOHN MINOR, Richmond, Va. mr19

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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